The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY

JANUARY 1926

15 Cents a Copy

Vol. VIII, No. 1

$1.75 a Year

The Capstone of Negro Education

HOWARD UNIVERSITY

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Founded by GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

J. STANLEY DURKEE, A.M., Ph.D., D.D., President
EMMETT J. SCOTT, A.M., LL.D., Secretary-Treasurer

Purpose

To provide the Twelve Million Colored people of the United States with College-trained and Professional leaders through its courses in the Arts, the Sciences, in Education, Public Health and Hygiene, Music, Engineering, Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy, Religion and Law.

Students may enter for Collegiate Work at the beginning of any quarter

REGISTRATION

Autumn Quarter.....September 29, 30, 1925
Winter Quarter .....January 2, 1926
Spring Quarter.....March 20, 1926
Summer Quarter.....June 21, 1926

For Catalogue and Information Write

F. D. WILKINSON, Registrar **Howard University, Washington, D. C.**

The Sorrow Songs of the Blacks

"The sorrow songs of the blacks" is the essence of a critical symposium in **"Opportunity: Journal of Negro Life"** for November. In it Carl Van Vechten reviews James Weldon Johnson's "Book of American Negro Spirituals," Alain Locke reviews Balanta Taylor's "Saint Helena Spirituals," Miss Ruth Pearson reviews Dorothy Scarborough's "On the Trail of Negro Folk Songs." In addition there will be articles: "Race Relations and the School System," by Lester B. Granger; "Zigzagging Through Dixie," by Albon Holsey, and "A Note on the Sociological Background of Negro Literature," by Fred De Armond. Also poems by Langston Hughes, Arna Bontemps, Sterling Allen and others.

$1.50 will bring **"Opportunity"** to you for a year. If you wish to keep abreast of the most noted developments in Negro life, art, and progress, be sure to subscribe to **"Opportunity."**

USE THIS BLANK

"Opportunity: Journal of Negro Life,"
127 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I enclose herewith $1.50 for which please send "Opportunity," commencing with the November number, to

Name.....

Address.....

"Read Everywhere by Everybody Who's Anybody"

The Messenger

World's Greatest Negro Monthly
Published Monthly by the
MESSENGER PUBLISHING CO., INC.
2311 Seventh Avenue, New York
Telephone, Bradhurst 0454

Editors:
A. PHILIP RANDOLPH and CHANDLER OWEN

CONTENTS

	Page
Cover: From Life	1
The Neglected Truth. By Chandler Owen	5
Letters of Davy Carr	7
Shafts and Darts. By Geo. S. Schuyler	9
An Open Letter. By A. Philip Randolph	10
The Critic. By J. A. Rogers	12
Pullman Soothing Salve. By A. L. Totten	13
Cartoons. By Caroll	11-14
Sports. By Dr. E. B. Henderson	15
Editorials	16-17
Open Forum	18
Opinion on the Brotherhood	21

Back numbers not over three months old, 25 cents each; over three months old, 50 cents each.

Receipt of renewal will appear on wrapper of first copy; *expiration notice* will also appear on wrapper of last number. Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance,* or *change of address* should be sent TWO WEEKS before the date they are to go into effect. *Both old and new addresses must be given. Presentation copies:* Many persons subscribe for friends, libraries, clubs, institutions, etc. Those who desire to renew such subscriptions must renew before expiration.

All manuscripts submitted must be typewritten on one side of the sheet. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return envelope and postage.

Vol. VIII JANUARY, 1926 No. 1

$1.75 per Year
$2.00 Outside U. S.

15c per Copy
20c Outside U. S.

FEZZES

Manufacturers of All Styles for All Orders and Branches

Illustrated Circular on Request

M. HEFTER'S SONS
79 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cover Photo Supplied by

WOODARD'S STUDIO 302 EAST 35th STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A Live Advertising Man Wanted

Apply at the Office of THE MESSENGER

The UNIVERSITY Preparatory SCHOOL
STATE BANK B'LD'G FIFTH AVENUE AT 115 STREET
New York's Most Successful Preparatory School
We Cordially Welcome the Negro Student

Regents'
College Entrance
Commercial

Day and Evening Sessions
The best in faculty and equipment at a moderate tuition fee.
Catalogue upon request

Mr. Edward T. Lee—One of Chicago's Leading Merchants

I was strolling down 35th Street, in Chicago. In some way I had forgotten my pocket handkerchiefs when changing my suit, so I was looking for a haberdasher. All at once I came upon a well dressed window looking like a Broadway, New York haberdashery. "Here is the place," said I, "to get just what I want." I was sure it was white, in common parlance, for it was well appointed in its arrangements, and spick and span.

All at once I am surprised. Three colored clerks, with hands gently dropping on counters, or show cases, were inquiring in well modulated voices, "Yes, sir, what will you have?" They were all, obviously, colored, too. But to one acquainted with the Negro business section, and who understands it thoroughly that might have meant one of two things —either that the owner was white and employing colored help to attract Negro trade (which is the rule), or, what is the exception, that the owner and managers of the business were colored. Being of a heuristic temperment, anyway, I enquired about this matter only to learn to my pleasant surprise that the owner was Edward Thomas Lee, a young colored man who looked like a stripling of twenty, who was born in Springfield, Illinois—just 27 summers ago.

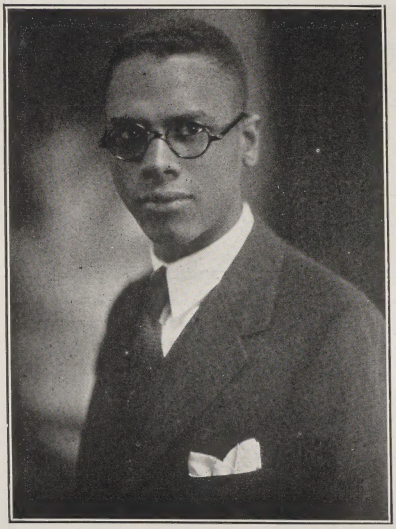
A white friend of mine once asked me, "Do you know why so many Negroes fail who go in business?" As I paused for his reply, he said further, "It is because they do not have an opportunity to work at that business before they go in it. As a rule, they experiment on themselves, and by the time they get their experience the business is gone." Said he continuing, "A young white man going into the shoe business has probably worked at it in the Douglass shoe store, the Regal, Hanan, Walk-Over, or I. Miller—five, ten or fifteen years. He has learned the business from the ground up. But the poor, proscribed Negro boy and girl usually has to snatch his knowledge of banking, by being a bank messenger; his acquaintance with the shoe business by being the store delivery boy; his acquaintance with dressmaking by his wife's having been the maid; his knowledge of automobile salesmanship, from the glimpses of the chauffeur; his engineering experience from firing or putting in coal; and his knowledge of toggery from being a porter about a gentleman's shop."

How did this youngster know about the gentlemen's furnishing business? What gentlemen's store in the United States had opened this door to Negroes? His knowelge must have come from somewhere. So I continued my inquiry. "Where did you learn this business?" He went on to explain that at the age of 14 he started to work for Wilson Brothers, wholesale manufacturers of collars, shirts, and men's toggery. He stayed there for 10 years, and thoroughly learned the business.

But who could be that charming and prepossessing clerk—the only young woman in the store? She shows an intense interest in the whole business. She is pleasant without playing, firm without being forbidding, free without being fresh, smiling without a semblance of sillyness. Does Chicago afford clerks of this calibre? Clerks who will take such intense interest in one's business! Sure enough my deductions were not far afield—it was Mrs. Lee, the real life and light of "Ed's Toggery"—she is interested not only in getting something out of a business but in putting something in. Behind that sustained application, good work and that unending interest, is the material interest in that business.

How old is your shop? How long has it been growing? "Why, sir, in 1923 I opened my gent's furnishing house," said Mr. Lee, "at 129 E. 35th Street, starting with a capital of $1,200. I now carry a stock of $10,000. The business is steadily growing, and I have a fine line of customers; among whom are such distinguished business and professional men and publicists as Wm. Cowan, Col. Otis B. Duncan, David McGowan, Alderman R. R. Jackson, Chandler Owen, George Arthur, Dr. U. G. Dailey.

In fact, "Ed's Toggery" has now become an institution in Chicago. The neat envelopes, and the wrappers for every article which goes out of the store, are done in a high class manner, and always keeping well displayed that place where we hope every colored man of Chicago, and his wife who buys for him, will eventually be coming whenever something in gentlemen's wear is needed—the place where they may be certain of courteous attention, and cordial, considerate treatment at all business hours,—the busy, little gentlemen's store —ED'S TOGGERY.



THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

By CHANDLER OWEN

Chicago is a city of magnificent contrasts and extremes. It has the best and the worst. Here the richest and the poorest abound. It has the cream and the scum. It boasts an aristocracy and likewise a flotsam and jetsam of society. It has some of the best white newspapers, like the *Daily News, Tribune,* and *American,* and the worst, like *The Chicago Star.* It also has some of the best Negro newspapers, like *The Defender,* and *The Bee,* in contrast with the unspeakably poor *Chicago Whip.*

With such magnificent contrasts between institutions, you would naturally expect to find similar contrasts between the men who make those institutions, and by whom those institutions are made. And here you will not be deceived. You will find Clarence Darrow, William Wrigley, and Judge Albert B. George (Chicago's colored jurist), over against Terry Druggan, Martin Durkin, and Joseph D. Bibb. In short, Chicago affords a habitat for life's antipodes.

For about six years colored Chicago has been bedeviled by a small, irresponsible publication edited by a man whose presumption is exceeded only by his ignorance. Publications must live off circulation and advertising—and circulation usually comes from interesting news matter presented to one's readers. *The Chicago Whip* could command neither circulation nor advertising, so it thought out and presented a new policy in Negro newspaperdom; it inaugurated blackmail.

It has gotten by practically the whole time without any formidable assault upon its reprehensible principles and its unspeakable practices. The reasons were threefold. First, most people had no organ through which to reply. Second, many of the men attacked were truly national figures who realized that *The Whip* was trying to get national advertising by speaking disparagingly of men who were nationally noted. Third, the group of other men declined to reply and expose *The Whip's* lies because they didn't want to deal in filth and dirt and mud. They acted on the principle illustrated by the two urchins who were playing in a mud pond beside the road. Two men in full dress, immaculate and well groomed, were passing by. All at once the mud-covered urchins splashed out mud on the gentlemen. The latter were so irritated that they made a grand rush to the edge of the pond, when the urchins, with nimble wit and instinctive protective minds, yelled: "Oh, you can't throw it back without getting your own hands dirty." These reasons pretty nearly explain why *The Chicago Whip* has so long escaped attack—followed by interment which that moribund journalette is now speedily coming to. The long escape, too, has completely deceived those journalistic shysters into believing that people were afraid of them. It was inevitable that they would continue like the proverbial deer until they broke their necks, if only enough rope were given to them. *"Fools rush in where angels dare not tread."*

Protecting the Public

We propose at all times to protect the public from blackmailers, black or white, unconscionable crooks and superficial idioters, misnamed editors. We ourselves don't need such protection. The most distinguished thinkers of the world recognize that the editors of THE MESSENGER are thinkers. It might be a conspiracy, but it has nevertheless trapped such able and distinguished scholars as Dr. Scott Nearing, and Franklin Edgerton of the University of Pennsylvania, William Ellery Leonard, Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, Dr. H. W. L. Dana, Professor of English for thirteen years at Columbia University, Judge Ben Lindsey, world-famous Juvenile Jurist of Denver, Charles W. Chestnut, Archibald Grimke, the French Minister of Education, Carl Sandburg, Princeton, Harvard, Ohio State, Minnesota, Chicago and other great Universities both in America and Europe. It is obvious, then, that we need neither defense nor outside protection. We speak for others whose frailties and foibles and erring ways have been viciously exploited for mercenary reasons by a group of men who are a greater menace to the civic welfare of Chicago than Dean O'Bannion, the Genna gang, and Martin Durkin.

The Brass Check

A few years ago Upton Sinclair wrote a little book called "The Brass Check." It dealt with the way journals were induced to publish, or to refrain from publishing, news for pay. That pay might be direct or by the giving of advertising. *The Whip* editors have long been petty past-masters in this putrid policy. We propose here to point out special instances of this damnable deviltry, giving names, places, and time.

Crusading Against Prostitution

Most decent people regret the conditions which have given rise to prostitution. They are also opposed to gambling, bootlegging, and general corruption. It is a popular chord one strikes when he attacks such evils. Therefore, apparently as a means of securing the support of decent, public-spirited colored people, in 1922 *The Whip* began a series of attacks on gambling houses and houses of prostitution. It will be noted that we say, "apparently." We use the word advisedly because it was only apparently. The object of the attack which began in the summer of 1922 was purely graft, blackmail and a "shake-down." In fact, Joseph D. Bibb and A. C. McNeal, in the offices of the McNeal Publishing Co., thoroughly discussed the feasibility of attacking vice in the Second and Third Wards in the City of Chicago, and finally arrived at the decision that *The Whip* would attack every place of any note that was a vice den with the idea of a "shake-down." The few readers of *The Whip* will remember that not only was a series of articles carried in *The Whip,* but photos of the houses were published. This resulted in several hundreds of dollars passing from the hands of the Vice Lords into the coffers of *The Chicago Whip.*

First among the places attacked was "The Elite," located at 3103 S. State street, operated by Harvey Johnson, and doing business with craps and poker games and bootleg whiskey. The sum of five hundred dollars was paid into the offices of *The Chicago Whip,* then located at 3420 S. State street, said $500 being paid in the editorial room of Joseph D. Bibb to one Harold C. Thompson, who is a brother-in-law of Joseph D. Bibb. The said $500 was made in two payments.

Next to come under the hammer was the Douglass Buffet, then located at the northeast corner of 35th street and Prairie avenue, alleged to be operated by Al Blum, of 22nd street. This place housed more than twelve girls on the second floor, with bootleg whiskey on the first floor. Apparently, however, this dive went out of existence in a few weeks. It was still there, though, doing business in the same old way. The silence of *The Whip* was due to the changing of two hundred and fifty dollars ($250) from the hands of the Douglass Buffet management to one A. C. McNeal, of the McNeal Publishing Co., which is now the Bibb-McNeal Publishing Co. This money was paid by Joe Bates, a white gangster, in the office of *The Whip.* He was directed to *The Whip* office by a Negro by the name of Klondike.

The Deer Inn, a house of ill repute, then located at 206 E. 39th street, was said at that time to have been

operated by Joseph G. Glasser. It paid tribute for immunity after having one write-up in *The Chicago Whip* to one A. C. McNeal in the sum of three hundred dollars ($300). A fellow by the name of "Jew Kid," a white gangster, paid this over to McNeal around the corner, having first called up. McNeal went out and came back with the money.

An Exception

During that time there were three houses of ill repute located at the following addresses: 3617 and 3625 Indiana avenue, and 119 E. 36th place. They, too, were attacked by *The Chicago Whip*. Their owner was said to have been Al Capone, alias Al Brown, notorious Cicero, Illinois, gangster and bootlegger, who has now moved to New York. These places were attacked on several occasions, but Capone refused to give Bibb and *The Whip* any money. Instead, he threatened the lives of the publishers. And being a well-known gangster who was likely to carry out his threat, Bibb gave orders to "lie off that place," lest danger come to himself—a danger emphasized by a neat little package he received one morning containing several bullets, some of which were sticking out of a piece of cardboard cut in the shape of a heart. Bibb became deliberative. Turning to McNeal that evening, he said: "Say, Mac, they might say it with bullets, so let's let the blackmail pass."

In the rear of a barber shop located next door to the publishing house of *The Chicago Defender*, at about 3435 Indiana avenue, a crap and poker game was operated by a man known to the underworld as "Fat" Robinson.

After getting the picture, Bibb attacked Abbott and *The Defender*, charging *The Defender* with harboring and winking at immorality and vice. As the shadows of night began to fall, however, and that darkness which the Bible says men love rather than light, because their deeds are evil, began to make life safer for prowling human hyenas —Bibb slipped in the back door and got graft and blackmail from the crap and poker game. (We never heard about *The Defender* getting any share of it at all.)

Frank Hawley's house, 31st and Indiana avenue, second floor, Avenue Theatre building, ran what was then known as "the million dollar crap game." But *The Whip* took Hawley in too, for a goodly bit of blackmail, until the place was finally closed—but not through any activities of *The Whip*. The rooms are now occupied by the PUBLIC HEALTH INSTITUTE. Public health—what irony! Hawley paid McNeal.

Les Anderson's place, then directly opposite *The Whip* office, 3417 S. State street, was also subjected to a "shake-down" by Bibb.

This line of places blackmailed, extorted from and grafted from by Bibb, McNeal, and *The Chicago Whip*, is so numerous that to mention all would take the entire space of this issue of the magazine, and at least two days' work for a good stenographer. So we pass on.

During all of this feverish attack upon houses of prostitution and bootleg joints, one house escaped. Nothing ever appeared in *The Chicago Whip* about it. We refer to that of Lil Martin, located at 3714 Wabash avenue. An enterprising vigilance officer alleges that her reason for escaping was because Editor Joseph D. Bibb was such a frequent visitor himself (Social Item). In all fairness to Editor Bibb, it should be said that we have no idea that he was a patron of the house, but was simply there to secure patronage of the house and its patrons for the blackmail department of his paper.

More Attempts at Blackmail

Even a *white* tooth was subject to *black*mail. A few years back certain dentists who advertised their crown work and bridge work on windows and billboards were listed by *The Whip* as "wild-cat dentists." These dentists had been solicited by *The Whip* and would not give "ads." *The Whip* attacked their methods and charged them with being fakes and "sha'e-downs." (Was that autobiography?) The little *Whip*, however, fought on until it got tired of giving the dentists free space. Then it lay whipped and dejected.

Frank Gillespie Murdered

This writer knew Frank Gillespie well. We talked with him a few weeks before his death. We went to get an advertising contract for THE MESSENGER. We found him wracked with worry. In very confidential and pathetic tones he said to us: "Mr. Owen, that little blackmailing sheet on the corner of 31st and State is annoying me to death. They are threatening to expose the Liberty Life as they did the Standard. Most of the matter they would give out is lies, but in the present state of mind the public is inclined to believe the worst. The Standard has failed. Brown & Stevens Bank is closed. The Labor Bank of Washington, D. C., has gone, and times are shaky. I did, therefore, sign a contract with *The Chicago Whip* for 30,000 agate lines which began March 1st, 1925. That amounts to $4,500."

Upon examination, we learned that whereas the highest advertising rate *The Whip* ever had was 13c per agate line, they sold genial, good-natured Frank Gillespie 30,000 lines at 15c per line. Gillespie said it was pure blackmail and that he took out the contract because he feared attack upon his company with which Bibb had threatened him. So while pneumonia might have had its ravages, it was primarily this worry which killed that splendid and useful man—Frank Gillespie.

The Standard Life Affair

The first of 1925, when the Standard Life began to have difficulties, it was viciously attacked by *The Chicago Whip*. Do you, gentle reader, know the reason? Let us explain. Every business carries with it a certain element of risk. Herman Perry, a business genius, and a splendid business builder, had expanded the affiliated interests of the Standard Life too rapidly. To be perfectly clear, he had invested the Standard Life funds in laundries, drug stores, building and construction companies, and other enterprises. Now all these projects were perfectly feasible and practicable if times had kept normal. But like other men, white as well as colored, Perry did not foresee the World War which broke upon us suddenly. He could not have predicted the large migration of Negroes which took place with unprecedented speed, following the war's outbreak. Then, too, the war closed almost as rapidly as it began. Panic ensued. Negroes were thrown out of work. Many could not take out new insurance, while others had to drop their policies. The Standard borrowed money. It gave its stock as security. Times got harder still. The time came to pay its notes. The Standard could not meet its obligations. Unfortunately, it was in the hands of its Southern cracker enemies. When the time came to pay, true to Southern cracker principles, the Southern Life said, "'Give us our money or give us the security." The Southern Life took the Standard, which was the security.

Now what happened to the Standard was true of many great white companies. Sears, Roebuck Co., of Chicago, had such financial difficulties that Rosenwald had to loan them twenty million dollars. Wilson, the great packing concern, went into the hands of the receivers. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Ingersoll Watch Co. failed, owing different banks nearly three million dollars. The Chicago Railroad ushered upon us the greatest railroad failure in history. Dean, Onativia & Co., Chicago's leading brokerage house, had to close. If the white papers had taken the same attitude toward these concerns that *The Whip* took toward the Standard, recovery would have been impossible. Instead, however, the great white publications preached sanity and optimism and poise, while New York banks loaned Dean, Onativia $22,500,000 and the Chicago banks loaned this house $7,000,000.

Why did Bibb and *The Chicago Whip* so treacherously

(*Continued on page* 31)

The story of Genevieve. The rivals All's fair in love and war. The return of the wandered. And they lived happily ever after.

Sunday, January 14th.

During the past few days our household has been the scene of a very romantic little episode. It is so very conventional that if you were to put it into a story or play the critics would hammer you for using a too-hackneyed theme. There is a hero, misunderstood, a very conventional villain, and a heroine, deserted, suffering in silence and waiting in vain for the hero's return. It is the age-old story of the rivals, and reminds me of a play I saw when a very small boy from the gallery of the one-horse, one-night theater of my old home town. Did you ever see "Jim, the Panman"? Well, the story I have to tell you is the story of Jim, the Penman, minus the forged letters.

All of which reminds me that, by one of those curious coincidences which are not at all uncommon, we were talking at Lillian Barton's only Sunday night about the element of romance in every day life, and Reese, who is a rather modern product of American business life, contended that there was no such thing, outside of books, or movies—or words to that effect; and Mrs. Morrow said, "What romantic elements could one find in life in a town like this?"

Three of us took the other side of the question, and we had a very lively debate. I am looking forward to the pleasure I am going to have tonight at the expense of Mrs. Morrow and Reese. But let me get on with my story.

You may recall how, on more than one occasion during your stay here at Christmas, you voiced the thought that Genevieve Rhodes looked like a woman who had had a most unhappy love affair. I myself talked with Tommie the evening after you went back to New York, and she confirmed your diagnosis. She gave few details, but her version was about as follows:

When Genevieve was at Wellesley she met a chap who had graduated from one of the smaller colleges in the pie belt, and was at that time in Massachusetts Tech taking an engineering course. He was a very clever fellow, and his name was Paul Thomas. I myself recall hearing years ago some of the New England boys talking about him as a youngster who was going to make a big name some day. One of his old college mates said that if he would only consent to give up his family and boyhood friends, and cross over the line, that there would be nothing to which he might not aspire. He seems to have been a "bear" among the ladies, but for all they were so crazy about him, he never lost his head, but remained a steady, hardworking, serious fellow.

Now, Paul Thomas had a chum, an *alter ego*, a sort of shadow, in the person of one Oliver Drew. Thomas and he had met in their freshman year in college, and, in the natural isolation of two colored lads in a big northern school, their intimacy had grown and deepened until they had become such inseparable frends that they were known in Boston and Cambridge as Damon and Pythias. They shared their books, their clothes, their money, and even their joys and sorrows. When Thomas entered Massachusetts Tech. Drew matriculated in law at Boston University and ,thus they were separated only by the Charles River for the length of each day.

It seems that it was Drew who first met Genevieve, and it was through him that Paul Thomas first saw her. To make a long story short, it appears to have been a case of love at first sight, or something very like it, for both Genevieve and Paul, and with the arrival of Pythias on the scene, Damon seems to have been relegated to the rear.

Thomas was assiduous in his attentions. They spent their winter vacations in the same city, they corresponded when apart, and, with the exception of an occasional flare-up, for both were quick-tempered to a degree, the course of their love ran as smoothly as one could reasonably wish. Then Genevieve graduated, and commenced teaching in the high school here. She had been teaching a year when he finished Tech., and got a pretty nice position with an engineering corporation in New York. Meanwhile, the war had broken out, and the plight of the French had excited his interest and sympathy, as it had that of so many millions of Americans. He seemed, however, from all accounts, to have been a bit more deeply stirred than most folks and more than once had talked, rather carelessly, of course, of going over and helping. This was before we went into the war, you will understand. At Easter, 1917, he came to Washington on a visit, and renewed his wooing of Genevieve with the utmost vigor.

Now during the months just prior to this visit Oliver Drew had come to Washington and set up his law office. Naturally, as Paul Thomas' closest friend, he had resumed friendly relations with Genevieve, who was only too glad to see him, if for no other reason than that he could, and did, talk much of Paul. So he was a frequent and welcome caller at the Rhodes' house, and such was the estimate of him that Paul had succeeded in passing on to Genevieve, that, next to Paul himself, he was her closest and most trusted friend.

During the time of Paul's visit he lodged with Oliver, and all the time not spent with Genevieve was devoted to his old friend. Never, apparently, had their relations been more cordial. Indeed, Paul had told his inamorata that she might trust Drew just as she would himself.

Just before the close of Thomas' visit, he and Genevieve had a quarrel, a misunderstanding about something or other—tommie did not know what, though she assumed it was merely another case of temper—and two days later, Thomas left town, and from that day to the Monday of this week just past—a stretch of almost six years, Genevieve had received no word or message from him or about him. When, swallowing

her pride, she questioned Drew, he merely shrugged his shoulders in silence, with an expression which seemed to Genevieve compounded of regret and surprise. Finally, when approached rather insistently by Mrs. Rhodes, who was alarmed at the reaction of Genevieve to the incident, though he professed absolute ignorance of his friend's whereabouts, he showed the greatest concern, and begged Mrs. Rhodes to suspend judgment, as he was sure all would come out right soon. For weeks Genevieve faded visibly, until her family feared she was going into a decline. Then, by some curious revulsion, she seemed to get hold of herself—pride, I guess—but, though soon restored to her normal health and vigor physically, she seemed to have become a confirmed man-hater, if, indeed, the word "hate" can be applied to the cold indifference which usually masked her gaze. So she, who a few years before had been an acknowledged belle, devoted herself to her work, withdrew almost entirely from society, and spent her summers at northern universities studying. In the interval America went into the war, sending her two millions across the seas.

In September, 1919, nearly two years and a half after Genevieve had last seen or heard of her lover, the first division of the great American overseas force, quartered temporarily at Camp Meade, was ordered to Washington with its complete war equipment, to take part in a monster parade in honor of General Pershing. The first division was composed of regulars, infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineer corps, with their forges, shops, field kitchens and last but by no means least in impressiveness, the tanks. There were about 25,000 men in all, and they were hours marching from the Peace Monument at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, through cheering throngs, past the reviewing stand in front of the White House. Genevieve, Caroline, Tommie, Helen Clay and a group of their friends, including among the men, Don Verney, were occupying a point of vantage not far from the head of the parade, when suddenly Helen Clay, with something very sharp like a suppressed shriek, clutched Tommie's shoulder, and in a low tone said, "Tommie, look where I am pointing! Isn't that Paul Thomas?"

Tommie was considerably startled, but managed to look as directed, and sure enough, in front of an engineering battalion, in the position of command, sat a big man, with a Captain's bars on his shoulders, who, allowing for dust and tan, was the very image of Paul Thomas. While she was looking, the battalion moved, and the officer's face was lost to view.

While the two girls were afraid to mention this startling phenomenon to Genevieve, it was whispered about in the crowd, and, after a few hasty questions put to Helen Clay and Tommie, Don Verney slipped quietly out of the crowd and cut through a side street, moving with the speed of a man who has a definite objective and is in haste to reach it. The parade moved on to its close, and the crowd dispersed. At seven o'clock that evening Verney turned up at the Rhodes', and was ushered into the dining room, where Tommie, Caroline and Genevieve were dawdling over their dessert, Mrs. Rhodes being absent for the week at her sister's in Baltimore. Tommie and Caroline had ventured to tell Genevieve of the exciting event of the afternoon, and, as the girls had a suspicion of the meaning of Don's errand, they watched him anxiously as he ate the salad which had been set before him. From time to time each of the three stole furtive glances at Genevieve, who had become very pale, showing plainly the strain she was undergoing. Somehow she seemed to sense what was in their minds, for after a while she turned to Verney, and said:

"The girls have been telling me that one of the officers in the parade today was the image of Paul Thomas, and I doubt not, from their manner of looking at you, that they feel that you left the crowd today to make sure. If I am right in that conjecture, I thank you most heartily for your friendly interest and any trouble you may have taken on my account. I know you well enough to be sure of the generous spirit in which any such quest was undertaken. But I think it only fair to myself to say that I was living in this very house when Mr. Thomas last saw me, and I have been here ever since. Had he desired to see me, or to communicate with me, he might easily have done so, provided he is still living. If he *is* living, and has *not* done so, it is because he did not elect so to do. I could not, therefore, welcome any act which might be construed as an attempt by me or any of my friends to get into touch with him. You must see that it would be subjecting me to an undesirable and undeserved humiliation."

As Genevieve spoke, she seemed to grow paler, if possible, and her face drawn, and—to quote Tommie's words—her eyes took on an unearthly bigness. The violence of her emotion seemed to be racking her to pieces and her suffering was so evident that all three of her auditors were stirred to their depths.

Caroline went to her and put her arms around her.

"You are very right, sister dear," she said, "and we are terribly sorry we mentioned the matter at all. It was probably a case of mistaken identity, anyway. Let us forget all about it!"

After one look, Don never raised his eyes from his plate, but kept on eating, as if he had not heard, and as if he had no part in the scene. But to the onlookers, who knew very well his sensible nature, it was apparent that he was himself very much shaken, and was endeavoring to hide his emotion. It was a very trying few minutes, according to Tommie, and everyone felt the strain.

It was some minutes later that Verney suddenly spoke, as if he had just come to a decision.

"As Caroline says, it's probably a case of mistaken identity, anyway, but we are all dreadfully sorry it had to occur, and so renew a forgotten unpleasantness."

Genevieve soon excused herself, and, when her steps had died away in the upper hall, the two girls gazed fixedly at Verney.

"Don," asked Tommie, "was it really Paul Thomas? Was it, really?"

And both young women looked at him as if they would read his innermost thoughts.

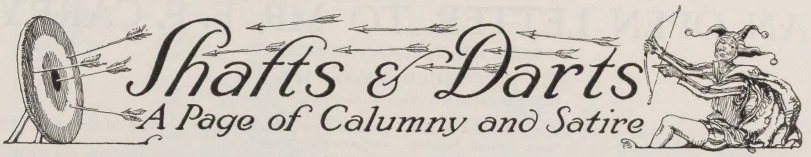
"Don Verney, I knew when you entered that door that you came to bring us news!" said Caroline.

"How prone you women are to see a sensation where none exists! I came, dear ladies," said Don, taking out his wallet, and fumbling about in it, "to ask you to honor me with your company at the theatre tonight."

And, as he spoke, he spread four tickets out on the table.

"But," said Tommie to me as she concluded her story, "both Caroline and I feel that Don really did see Paul Thomas, and that he did identify him, and, strange as it may seem to you, we both believe that Genevieve thinks so, too, and that she spoke as she did to keep him from telling her. I never realized

(*Continued on page* 26)



By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

THE VALUE OF DISEASE—Thousands of hefty tomes on the curse of disease line the shelves of our libraries. From childhood we are taught that disease is a great menace to humanity and that there is no good in it. Like most general statements this is not true. The enemies of disease forget, of course, that there is an advantage to every disadvantage; a good for every bad, and this applies to disease as to everything else. Think how our social system would be disturbed without the existence of disease? It would be in a terrible shape, what with an army of doctors, nurses, patent medicine vendors, tonic manufacturers, and others of that breed looking for employment.

Disease has stopped more wars than bullets or the strategy of generals; it has done more to keep the population in bounds than a thousand Margaret Sangers; and without it what would the Aframericans do for an aristocracy?

CHEAPER THAN LIQUOR—Scientists at George Washington University have proven that sleep is a form of intoxication. Now we can expect a very early adoption of the *siesta* in this country. There is at least one satisfaction in that: bootleggers won't be able to control it, though employers will.

A BOUQUET FOR CAPITALISM: Amid all the blue hue and cry against capitalism and in favor of the new social order—whenever and whatever that will be—I rise to give the Devil his due. The test of intelligence being the ability of an organism, animal or social, to survive environmental changes, the palm must be extended to our old friend T. P. S. O. (The present social order). Here is a system that robs and starves its slaves and then attributes their miserable lot to their lack of thrift and industry. Yet under no other system of slavery has more goods been produced per capita per hour. Here is a group of masters who live off their slaves year in and year out, only allowing them enough of what they have produced to keep them in condition to produce more commodities and more of their kind. And yet, this is achieved with amazing simplicity: They tell the serfs that the country is really their's; that the voice of the people is the voice of God; and then they permit these slaves to stick a piece of paper in a box once a year as proof that they are sovereign! When in their efforts to sell the surplus commodities their slaves have produced, the capitalists of the different countries cannot agree on 'spheres of influence'—the alias for markets to be exploited—they have only to set up a howl about the "national honor being at stake," some "insult to the flag," or "the menace of the foreigners," and the emaciated slaves will yelp for uniforms and munitions, and marching off to martial tunes, will spend a decade or so defending the national honor of "their" respective countries, although not one-fiftieth of them may own enough ground for a grave.

Even slaves who are safely in jail for stealing an automobile, will clamor to be released in order "to do their bit" at thirty dollars a month and allow their former employers to steal a railroad while "standing behind the President" at only a dollar a year! Here is a technique that can be carried on sempiternally. Capitalism will probably last forever because it is the first social system that has taught its slaves to believe they are free . . . And yet there are actually people who have to read the alleged newspaper comics every day in order to find something to laugh at!

ADVICE TO BUDDING LITERATI:—The advice to be given is exclusively for the instruction and enlightenment of Negro intellectuals who have the itch to write. They should by all means move immediately to New York City either on horse, foot or train. Having arrived at the mecca of suckers, sharpers, cabaret proprietors and other such bandits, they should immediately get in touch with that group of about twenty New Negroes who represent the intellect of the Negro race so admirably. If they aspire to write it is suggested that they join one of the Young Writers' Guilds. It is not necessary to be either a writer or a youth to qualify, since many of the members do not write at all and some of them are rather elderly. However, some mediocre ability to write will be helpful. This will put them in touch with the Negroes who have membership in the Civic Club or the Community Church and associate with white writers of prominence. The way having been already prepared by the two or three literary dictators of Aframerica, the rest will be easy. Success depends, however, on the ability of the striving writer to do the Charleston, sing the spirituals and chatter amiably with the abandon supposed to be characteristic of members of a race with a primitive background. (No other race *has* such a primitive background, you know.) Very shortly some of the white writers or editors who dote on having an "intelligent" Negro protege under their wing, will invite them to offer a manuscript for scrutiny with a view to publication.

This is the most critical moment, and much care must be exercised not to offer the wrong kind of material: that is to say, material that does not smack of the "true Negro psychology"—whatever that is. Such matter should always without exception be bizarre, fantastical and outlandish, with a suggestion of the jungle, the plantation or the slum. Otherwise it will not be *Negro* literature, and hence not acceptable. The predominant characteristic of the writing offered should be naiveté, as befits simple children just a century or two removed from the so-called uncivilized expanses of the Dark Continent. If the mistake is made of presenting the American Negro as a product of machine civilization, just like other people in the same environment, an immediate rejection slip can be expected. And rightly so, since matters pertaining to the Negro should always comport with the conception of Aframericans entertained by the infallable Caucasians, both editors and readers.

If these simple instructions are repeated fifteen minutes a day and religiously followed, there should be no difficulty experienced by the "young" Negro writer; provided, of course, that he or she always reveals an extreme gratefulness to the white patron by entertaining his or her guests with amusing antics, by making faces, being "abandoned," doing a mean Charleston, and by all means, singing the spirituals.

The writer feels himself a benefactor of the Aframerican literati by vouchsafing this information free of charge. Himself unwilling to resort to the means necessary to qualify as one of the New Negro writers, he is desirous of enabling some of our college graduates to make a living by other means than teaching school, extracting molars, prescribing pills or collecting "dah-tah." And, as some philosopher said "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach."

SUGGESTIONS FOR WINTER READING—The leading literary critics advise a reading of the following best sellers during the long winter evenings for a proper understanding of the problems confronting the Negro today:

THE RELATION OF ADVERTISING TO EDITORIAL POLICY: A treatise on the "Direct Influence" in Journalism. By Joseph D. Bibb. With lengthy introduction by the Treasurer of the Pullman Company. Published by Koin and Kale.

SOULS FOR SALE: An Anthology of Uncle Tom Poetry. By various Pullman porters having fat jobs as instructors and inspectors. Published by Judas, Inc.

JESUS AND "JACK": Short Essays on the Pecuniary Advantages of Christianity. By Countless Negro Clergymen. With introduction by the Right Reverend George E. Hayes. Published by Dollar and Dollar, Ltd.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOOD SHIP "RUST." An account of a recent Caribbean cruise. By the officials of the U. N. I. A. Published by Numbskull & Co.

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE 1918 INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC. A collection of scientific

(*Continued on page* 30)

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. E. F. CARRY

PRES. THE PULLMAN COMPANY

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

General Organizer Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

DEAR SIR: In a meeting of the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association's Convention at the Wabash Avenue Branch of the Y. M. C. A., in Chicago, you said, among many things, that "The Pullman Company is the friend of the porters."

This is interesting, but not convincing. The true marks of friendship are, the willingness of one to attempt to do the wishes of another, and also to meet their needs. But, certainly you will not contend, unless you have a very low opinion of the Negro, that the Company has done the wishes or met the needs of the Pullman porters. For it is obvious that the porters wish and need *a fair days pay for a fair day's work;* but no reasonable person will maintain that $67.50 a month, or $2.25 a day, and perhaps, for the longest work day of any worker in America, is a fair day's pay.

I think, Mr. Carry, that it is perfectly fair to state, in this connection, that the porters have been the loyal friends of the Pullman Company, because they have made it what it is today. It is their increased productive efficiency which created the only service you sell, which, according to your own report, enabled the Company to have the last fiscal year, ending July 31, the most prosperous one in its entire history, earning a gross income of $83,927,749.34. Though the income of the Pullman Company has continuously increased, the wages of the porters have not increased correspondingly. Don't you think that is unfair, Mr. Carry? Surely, you would not hold that a man can maintain a family according to decent American standards of living on $2.25 a day, the lowest wages of all the railroad workers. It may be interesting for you to know that the U. S. Department of Labor sets as a minimum yearly income in order to maintain the average family in a decent American living, $2,088.00. You pay the porters of the Pullman Company $810.00 a year, or $1278.00 less than a living wage. Does such a miserable wage indicate that the Pullman Company is the friend of the porters? Dear sir, the public doesn't think so; nor does the porter.

The porters also are required to make 11,000 miles a month, or nearly 400 hours, for $67.50, before they get pay for overtime; whereas, the sleeping car conductors are only required to make 240 hours, all time over this you pay them as overtime; and they begin on $155.00 a month for their work. Is not this rank and unjust discrimination, Mr. Carry? Would you want to work nearly 400 hours a month for $67.50? Could you live on it? Could you keep your wife and children on it? No doubt your cigar bill is more than this, and still neither you nor your friends consider yourself extravagant.

If you answer that the porters make tips, may I ask, do you think that it is fair for a rich, powerful corporation like the Pullman Company to convert the porters into professional beggars in order to support their wives and children? Would you want to depend upon the charity of the public for a living for you and your family? No other group of railroad workers is subjected to such an uncertain, as well as demoralizing practice. Besides, Mr. Carry, tips are small and irregular; sadly inadequate to make up the difference between what you pay the porters and a living wage.

At that meeting you also said that "the Pullman Company has always kept a place for the colored man." That's very nice. I am sure the porters appreciate that. But they want more than a place. They want a living out of the place, just as you do, or anybody else does. Continuing, you said, "I hear talk of a color line. Believe me, there is nothing to this color line." Well, believe me, Mr. Carry, if you were a colored man you would think there is something to it, if you went down South, or, for that matter, attempted to take advantage of some of the public conveniences in Chicago.

You made the interesting observation that you attended a dinner where you sat next to the blackest colored man you ever saw. He was an educated man. No one thought of his color. He talked better than any one around the table. There is your answer—education.

Now, do you believe that this is all to the question, Mr. Carry? I am glad to know that you recognized worth *there* regardless of race or color. That is proper and sound. But do you not know, Mr. Carry, that there are men in the Congress of the United States of America who are not civilized enough to sit beside a colored man? There are sections of this country where a Negro can't get in a berth on your own Pullman cars because of this *color line.*

Moreover, Mr. Carry, how about the right and privilege of Pullman porters advancing in the Pullman service? Is it not true that a Pullman porter can't advance to a Pullman conductor? Why ? Surely, they are competent. They have the education. You admit that yourself by having them run *in charge,* when they do conductor's work, but you don't give them conductor's pay; nor do you even give them the satisfaction of being called a conductor. They are known as *in charge* porters and receive only $10.00 additional in wages. Isn't this taking undue advantage of your colored brother, Mr. Carry? Is it in harmony with Christ's teaching, which says, "Do unto others as you would that they do unto you?" By compelling a porter to do a conductor's work, you save $145.00 every month; on 1000 *in charge* porters, you save $145,000 every month. Isn't this profiting at the expense of your fellow man, Mr. Carry?

If a porter is competent to do conductor's work, according to your philosophy before the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association, he ought to be promoted to the rank of a conductor, and receive a conductor's pay. But in the Pullman service no hope is held out to the Pullman porter. Once a porter, always a porter. Would you, Mr. Carry, think a system or corporation was fair which confined you to any such conditions? Don't you believe that the Pullman Company ought to reward merit in a porter with a promotion just as it does every other class and race of workers? Do you not know, Mr. Carry, that you have district superintendents whom porters, now in your service, used to give quarters when they, the superintendents, were office or messenger boys, to put away their linen? But, those messenger boys, because they were white, *the color line again,* could look forward to advancement in the future, whereas, the porter remains a porter until he is too old to make up a berth. And it is a notorious fact, Mr. Carry, that white men who have little or no education have risen to the place of superintendents in the service, and Negro porters with a college education cannot even become a conductor. Is this true or not true? If it isn't, I shall be happy to correct it; if it is true, what is you answer? For I would not think of misrepresenting you upon so vital a question.

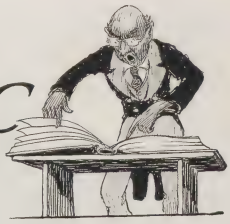
I am reminded, also, Mr. Carry, of your expression that you were "amazed to find a Negro who was capable of becoming a blacksmith, that you had not seen one before your shop hired one. To intelligent Negroes, that would be considered as an insult, Mr. Carry. Negroes were blacksmiths before you were born. There are more in the South than you can shake a stick at. And not only blacksmiths, but in every possible line of mechanical, educational, scientific and artistic endeavor, the Negroes have long since demonstrated their ability. This is a fact which

(*Continued on page* 29)

HOORAY! HOORAY! SANTY'S DONE COME!
WHIP
RIVETER
PULLMAN
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE US??? WE DO ANY THING YOU SAY TO KEEP PULLMAN PORTERS DISORGANIZED.
UNCLE TOMS
PULLMAN
BOGGS
JONES
DAVIS
MILLER
BANNISTER
W.C. FAYLOR
GIBSON
PULLMAN "SANTY"— BAH, YOU'RE OF NO VALUE TO ME, YOU'RE NOT WORTH A D-N. SINCE THE PORTERS HAVE NO RESPECT FOR YOU- YOU CAN'T KEEP THE MEN OUT OF THE UNION.
TAKE THIS MONEY AND GET YOUR RACE LEADERS IN CONFERENCE IN WASH. D.C.— SUPPOSEDLY TO FIGHT SEGREGATION BUT ACTUALLY TO CONDEMN THE PORTER'S ORGANIZATION MOVEMENT. THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF TRANSPORTATION HOTEL BILLS, A BIG BANQUET AND THEN A LITTE SOMETHING FOR YOURSELVES.
CHISUM
CAREY
HOWARD
YAS SIR, YAS, SIR, BOSS— AND WE DONT MEAN MAYBE.
PERRY PARKER- MY GOODNESS, DEY AIN'T BITIN' AT DIS BAIT NO MORE I HOPE DIS BOAT DON'T UPSET 'CAUSE I CAN'T SWIM IN DAT SEA.
EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION PLAN
THE UNION

The Critic

Do they tell the truth



By J. A. ROGERS

After a respite of six months—to the reader—I have swung my little bean-shooter into action again and am getting ready to launch a few stinging pellets against all who differ from me in opinion.

The English and the Negro

In the interim I had been in Europe getting a close-up of the superior race in its native lair. After close observation I am compelled to say that in that environment I have no objection to the use of the word "superior," for the white man there is a gentleman and marvellously different from his offspring in these United States. So far as there is any prejudice it seems to be in the black man's favor.

In those parts of England frequented by white Americans and habited at the same time by Negroes of a low type I found that black Negroes were refused service in certain low-class places. But these same Negroes, if they had money, would have received service in the best places, in spite of the protests of the crackers. Britain has many black princes and what colonial complications might not result if the proprietor heeds the cracker and ejects the black guest?

The English, particularly in the country parts are a marvellously polite people. All of the time I was in England I never met a single discourteous person. After a lifetime among white Americans, with their usually coarse, crude, raw colonial manners, I found myself so much out of place among these amiable people that I was positively uneasy. It took me fully two months to quiet my combative instincts, and it was fully another month before I could cease regarding the English as my enemies because of their whi' : skins.

I had at times to take myself severely in hand and remind myself that I was not in this land of freedom and democracy but in a monarchy. And the mere sight of a white American or an American accent was sufficient for me to beat a hasty retreat. I made up my mind that I was going to have a holiday from the eternally rasping color question.

It is not until one gets into that atmosphere of culture and refinement and then looks back over here that he begins to realize what a horribly barbarous thing this American color prejudice is. In a cafe in France I translated the story of the Sweet case and the barring of a Negro athlete from a Boston club to a group of Frenchmen, colored and white, and I had difficulty making them realize that such things could be possible.

France and the Negro

The attitude of the French people toward the Negro may be defined as chivalrous. They realize that the Negro has not had the same opportunity all along as they, and they help him up, not drag him down. And for that very reason I found that the black Frenchman was of superior type to the British and American one.

American democracy has not made much headway in France, hence the black man is treated as an equal. There are no segregated regiments. All men are trained together and the best ones get to the top.

At a cavalry review I saw white men and black men; white horses and black horses, and to the men the difference of color seemed to have made as little difference as to the horses. Then I realized more than ever before that the doctrine of inherent hatred between black and white and the statement that the white color among mankind is superior to others were the most damnable lies ever told. In fact the mere belief, in my opinion, calls for such a low degree of intellect, that it is difficult to imagine those holding it as other than imbeciles.

And yet under that category comes about ninty percent of American whites and about ninety-five percent of American Negroes.

It is indeed a mad nation my masters. At times when I think of the Rhinelander case, for instance, I have to ask myself, whether it is not I who am the fool for imagining that such things shouldn't be. One thing is sure: if the Americans are right then the French are dead wrong, and vice versa. In the beautiful Luxembourg Gardens I saw a replica of the Statue of Liberty. I thought then that if the one in New York harbor was appropriate that one there was a joke.

The French attitude toward the Negro is absolutely different from the American that it seems impossible to realize it. Readers, for instance, will recall the tempests of ink that waged two years ago when there was a play in which a white woman had to kiss a black man's hand. Well, at the Folies-Bergere I saw a sight that would have made even most of the friends of the Negro on this side of the Atlantic explode from anger. In one of the acts two magnificent specimens of humanity, one a white woman, the other a very black man, both clad only in their epidermis and a little loin cloth did a dance, in which at times the white woman sat on the Negro's knees and caressed him, and later sprawled over his nude body.

At that sight home-sick crackers in France had a fine opportunity to enjoy some of their home brand of hate. They were hopping mad, all of which was a pleasant sight to your humble servant.

As to the Rhinelander case it furnished good humor for the French press. They saw in it only another monkey trial, and characterised it as one of those freak cases possible only in America. What had a difference of color to do with it, most of them asked.

On the way over I had an excellent opportunity to see the Americanization process in action. I went over third-class—I am only a Negro writer—to find myself the only native English speaking person among four hundred whites, many of whom couldn't seem to realize that I wasn't some sort of clown to sing, dance and genially play the monkey for them. They regaled me with razor,- chicken, and watermelon jokes, and at the dinner table a Lithuanian who was shovelling beans into a huge mouth with his knife, paused to inform me when the waiter brought the chicken that here was my time to shine.

As to the children I found it best to leave them alone, that is if I didn't want to be continually called "nigger."

Then I landed in Plymouth, England, to find myself treated as a tourist and a gentleman.

I also returned third class, to find no tendency to treat me as a "coon." One and all, were very friendly—too friendly in fact because they persisted in talking to me in spite of the fact that we were like so many dumb persons, not understanding each other's language.

Nevertheless, I learnt something valuable. I thought my American citizenship would have made it easy for me to come in but it didn't. I had to submit to the same treatment as the immigrant. We were vaccinated and had to strip while our clothing were searched for lice.

And believe me Uncle Sam knew what he was about for there was no end of lice. Under the flannel belt of the dudiest looking fellow the parasites literally swarmed, and the doctor picked some of them and broke them on his chest.

And as to the ladies—the white ladies—when they appeared for breakfast next morning it was clear that they "couldn't do a thing with their hair." They all had to wash it before they could get into America!

And these, my brothers and sisters, became your superiors immediately on touching American soil.

PULLMAN SOOTHING SALVE

By A. L. TOTTEN

A study of the dramatic scheme played by the Pullman Company to soothe the minds of their Negro employees can be easily made by attending the entertainments given at the Chicago Y. M. C. A. on the occasion of the annual convention of the P.P.B.A. of A. or at such times when conferences are called to fool representatives of the men into signing up an agreement with the Pullman Company.

At these entertainments, the public is invited to attend. Every white official of the Pullman Company is seated on the platform. Representatives of every craft including the "Uncle Tom" and "Stool Pigeon" departments and the delegates occupy prominent seats. Band and jazz orchestra concerts enliven the audience as the crowd gathers.

That the ambition to rise to an unworthy prominence be given the right of way, these entertainments are usually conducted by means of an exchange of "masters of ceremonies," who make a very careful study how to apply the "Pullman Soothing Salve."

One outstanding figure is Mr. Perry Parker who year after year painfully repeats how much he is burdened with troubles to help his race. "Every morning," says he, "I find nothing but a bundle of trouble which I have to take into the office for the porters." So great is this would-be emancipator of Pullman slaves that for three years he has been deprived the comforts of his home. He can't even find time to go to lunch; he has to eat a sandwich. A paragon of virture is Mr. Parker. He is always talking to some one as a friend and a brother, and with the fullness of his heart. Amid prayer and crocodile tears, and the singing of his favorite hymn, "Life is like a mountain railroad," Parker takes advantage of the weakness of his race to employ religious hypocrisy to carry out the programme of the management. Here is an example which should strike the thinker very forcibly: Calling on the delegate from Kansas City, Mr. V. D. Harris, Parker asks, "how many members have you in your district?" 236, sir," says Mr. Harris. "How many own their own homes?" "Two hundred and thirty-three, sir."

The shrewd would-be race leader calls on delegates from the west and south where economic conditions are far better than in Chicago and eastern cities, and where there are far less porters, in order to convey the impression befor the public that porters earn sufficient to be above self-supporting.

Peculiarly so these entertainments are always held under the auspices of the Calumet Shop workers, the purpose of which is to show up Parker's valued influence in placing Negroes in the shops. To be fair, no one has ever attempted to discredit this part of his work. When Truth gets a hearing it will be found that these Negroes have been kept in the shops largely because they are able to exist on wages which are less than the demands made by the former white union shop workers. The position of the Negroes in the shops has no relative value to the position of the porters on the cars.

Suffice it to say that the shopmen are satisfied, is that any proof that porters are satisfied?

The Pullman Company itself admits that their porters are victims of injustice and are underpaid. According to Mr. Perry Parker, these grievances will be adjusted satisfactorily through the machinery of the Employee Representation Plan which is intended to give porters *Mercy* and not *Justice*. Parker knows as well as all others who are paid to think as he does, that the general management has never and will never decide in favor of the Negro Pullman porter as against outrages perpetrated by local officials and understrappers.

The Employee Representation Plan states that the management will not permit any of its employees to be discriminated against when carrying out their duties as committeemen, and anyone who feels himself so discriminated may take the matter up direct with the Bureau of Industrial Relations. Be ye not deceived: corporations do not change their policies over night. It is as impossible to get Mr. Carry, Mr. Hungerford, Mr. Powell and Mr. Simmons who compose the Bureau of Industrial Relations to penalize a local official in favor of a Pullman porter as it is for Perry Parker to be the President of the Pullman Company.

The truth is that the Pullman Company has the confidence of men like Parker who live in a small world, whose only interest lies in the salvation of Parker, and they expect that the future of the Negro race should be based upon the hyprocritical and low practices of men like Parker.

A study of the man, his eyes thrown Heavenward, appealing to Almighty God, with tears streaming down his face, impress the onlooker for the time being that there is honesty and sincerity of purpose so far as the interest of his race is concerned. Beware of the man who says, "God bless you," and will also stab you in the back, however.

Parker's ambition to place Negroes in the way of promotion has its handicap in one or two instances. If one would take the trouble to make a careful observation of his convention line-up, it would be easy to discern the shrewd underhand political game directed by him to remove certain men from office, if he thought that it would help to place the Pullman Porters Benefit Association still firmer under the control of the Pullman Company than it is at the present time. It is a matter of common knowledge that there is not a single Negro official anywhere who has the respect of the porters. Parker's policy is to appoint men who can conduct welfare work for the Pullman Company and not for the porters. The plan is to boost them into the Executive Board of the Pullman Porters Benefit Association. Automatically they cease to be porters and are placed on the Pullman payroll as officials, spies, stools and eavesdroppers.

With their plenary powers they can expel a member of that organization without a hearing. I have a fair recollection of Mr. T. A. Jones, delegate from Jacksonville, Fla., now active against the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, who tried to be elected as a member of the Executive Board. Mr. Jones has neither the manhood or intelligence to represent anybody, but he is clever enough to know that when elected he would cease to be a porter and become a Negro official stool. So Jones looks out for Jones.

Then there is Mr. H. A. W. Mebane, Welfare worker of the Buffalo Shops, another self-seeker, who fought hard to throw Mr. O. E. Robinson, the Grand Secretary of the Pullman Porters Benefit Association out of a job, because he thought he should have it.

Parker's hypocritical smile would have broadened if at that convention some one had waged a good battle to remove the present Comptroller, yet outwardly Parker pretends to be a friend to the said Comptroller.

Another master of ceremonies who takes charge of these entertainments is Mr. H. Pelky, Welfare Worker at the Calumet Shops. It is decidedly amusing to see how Negroes can conveniently change their skin like lizards do. Pelkey was to the former Pullman Porters Union in Chicago what Sam Freeman was to this same union in New York. When radicalism was at its height these men were active in their denunciation of the Pullman Company. Now after copies of the minutes of that Brotherhood were alleged to be turned over to the Pullman Company and the selfish lusts of these men were satisfied, we find them as officials of the management trying to convince porters that "all is well."

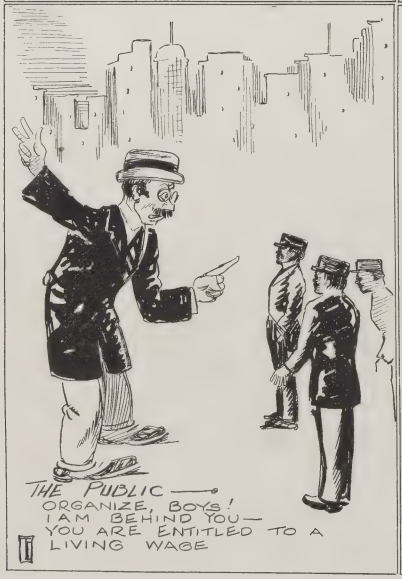
There is going to be a day of reckoning when traitors of the race will come in for a full measure. Out of the

(*Continued on page 28*)

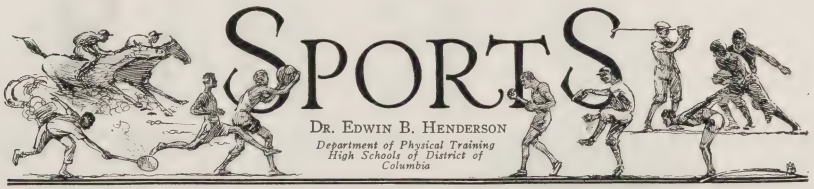
WIFE— JOIN THE B of S.C.P DEAR, YOU WILL HAVE TO ORGANIZE EVENTUALLY— WHY NOT NOW— IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE

BOY— DADDY— WHY DO THOSE MEN STAND WITH THEIR HEADS BOWED?

FATHER— BECAUSE THEY SOLD OUT THEIR RACE FOR A MESS OF POTTAGE.



THE PUBLIC — ORGANIZE, BOYS! I AM BEHIND YOU— YOU ARE ENTITLED TO A LIVING WAGE



DR. EDWIN B. HENDERSON
Department of Physical Training
High Schools of District of Columbia

Tuskegee is the season's best bet in Football. The work of the Alabama eleven has been imprssive. The only comparative connecting link between north and south football was in the Tuskegee - Atlanta - Howard games. Howard barely scored over Atlanta in the waning moments of play while the Bookerites impressively won by a 12-0 score. Morehouse was decisively beaten and the Alabamans ran roughshod by big scores over nearly all opponents after the opening game, a tie with the U. S. Soldier's team in the first game.

Howard had an uncrossed goal line, defeated Wilberforce, tied West Virginia, but could only tie Lincoln a team overwhelmingly defeated by Wilberforce. In the C. I. A. A. field, Hampton deserves the western crown with its two mud field ties with Lincoln and Haward and its Turkey Day victory over its big rival, Wilberforce at Columbus, Ohio.

Abominable underfooting spoiled what would have been an interesting football year. In more than twenty years of football experience the writer does not remember a season in which there was such a universality of wet and muddy fields. Players looked like mired moles in two West Virginia games, and most Athletics by Dr. Edwin B. Henderson—was supreme. West Virginia Institute fields resembled hog wallows in places. Much strategy was used in aiming to launch an offensive on sure footing and surrender the ball to opponents in the marsh of the Mazurian lakes. Drop kicks were impossible and mud horses had their day.

As usual, "Bad Officiating" was the alibi on which several teams and coaches leaned. True, erring human officials may have judged wrongly at times, but the cry from out the west for white officials is a renegade cry. Years ago white presidents, principals, teachers, coaches, and officials were the rule at some institutions. Officials were paid more than twice what colored officials for far superior knowledge and service receive now. Bnt in line with the dominant racial inferiority complex of some Negro leaders, when colored teachers, coaches and officials were substituted services were valued at. less money. Among the thousands of white officials there are the poor ones, fair and good ones. The best make breaks. At any summer school in physicial training will be heard discussion of these errors, but fortunately the newspapers generally do not enlarge upon the occasional misinterpretations or errors in judgement.

Some men who read history see in our times the ear marks of a decadent civilization. Similar sign-posts marked the fall of Rome, Greece and Egypt. Plenty of money, cheap women, whiskey, ease-producing culture brought down many civilizations. When grand stands and stadia house the crowds who flock to see others paid to perform a weakened pleasure-loving, luxuriously living populace marches downward if history is to be studied with a discerning eye. Men who know are fighting professionalism because in it they find a menace to "Our" great Nodic civilization. Football, our last big amateur game is running to the professional class of sport.

Leading athletic and physical education authorities in the United States agree that as soon as a sport becomes highly professionalized, it deteriorates as an amateur sport, judged from the standpoint of the numbers of players. But what this country needs is more players rather than great professional games.

NOTES OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

Greetings to the Pullman Porters

A Happy New Year to All. We have reason, many big cogent reasons to be happy. We have reached one of the most significant mile-posts in the history of the race. Already as a result of your valiant and militant movement for a better life, the eyes of the country, yes, the world, are focussed upon you.

Since August 25th much water of solid progress has run under the bridge. You have carried the message of manhood and constructive idealism from New York to the middle West. The whole world is stirred and awakened over your great and moving cause. Despite the surrender of the *Defender, Whip* and *Argus* to gold and power, despite the abandonment of honor, and every principle that is dear and valuable to human freedom and justice by some of our so-called big Negro leaders, such as Bishop Carey, Perry W. Howard, etc., despite the intimidations and threats of the Pullman Company, its violation of seniority rights by putting a few Filipinos on the cars, despite the worst that has been or can be done, your movement has been and is steadily gathering strength, steadily moving on from conquest to conquest, steadily breaking down the sinister forces of opposition, steadily convincing the "doubting Thomas," steadily consolidating its ranks, winning new friends and supporters.

You have now passed the period of uncertainty. Men of vision and faith, women of hope and devotion, children yearning for a better world to live in, a world without race hatred and proscription, a world without ignorance and poverty, a world without slavery of body or mind, are patiently relying upon you to bring them a little more sunshine, cheer, good-will and happiness, through your steadfast devotion to your movement.

The call of the hour is to you to be men. "The times demand men. Men of strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands. Men whom the lust of office does not kill. Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy. Men who possess opinions and a will." With such men nothing can stay, arrest or halt the rising tide of organization among you.

This is a supreme test of your manhood. It is an acid test of the entire race. If you fail, the race fails,

(*Continued on page* 24)

Edito

Opinion of the leading

The President's Message

Throughout it sounded the note of "let well enough alone," of hesitancy, indecision, or helpless conservatism. It lacked that bold, reassuring hand of statesmanship, sometimes seen in the messages of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt and Wilson. Lest he make grave mistakes, he would not act at all, seems to be the mental background of the message. His is the psychology of safety, but certainly not that of progress. And in times like these, a nation needs more than safety, which is more apparent than real, which arises from a fear to offend big business, or certain powerful political groups.

His handling of the farm situation has not strengthened his hold upon the farmers, rather has it created a revolt against the administration's farm policies, and the inconsistent arguments advanced therefor.

On the Negro, he was vague and patronizing, with one eye on the South and the other on the Negro vote. Doubtless, the pro-Coolidge Negroes are thoroughly disillusioned by now. If not, they are indeed naive.

As to taxation, his remedies are the merest palliatives, not calculated to achieve any sure relief, at all. But happily, in the nature of things, Coolidgism is destined to spend itself and pass. A more vital and constructive spirit of social reform will come. To this end, the twenty-seven insurgents in the Senate are a hope and a promise.

The New Year

Tick, tick. It is Twelve. The old year has gone, The New Year has come. Resolutions? Yes. We all resolve anew for a bigger, brighter and better year.

In retrospect, we see high hopes, stirring dreams and deep resolves, lying strewn upon the pathway, shattered, broken. The ashes of sorrow and sadness are thrown into the discard. The tears of failure are dried upon our cheeks and we pledge our hearts anew to grander efforts.

Again, with heads erect, clinched fists, tightened lips, we look out upon the great world beyond, thinking, wondering of the power of our will to scale the dizzy heights of achievement, success and fortune. Many imperfections are visible in our personality—picture of 1925. But we herewith resolve to paint for 1926 with surer hands.

As a race we have made grievous errors, but let us hope not without profit. On the debit side of the ledger of the race, we list the Conference of the fifty Negroes in Washington, D. C., which laid the honor of the group upon the altar of mammon, by issuing a resolution to condemn the movement to organize the Pullman porters. On the debit side also is the shameless surrender of the Chicago Negro press, save the Bee, to Pullman money. On the debit side may be listed the failure of the Standard life and Brown and Stevens. It may not be amiss also to set down our failure to achieve any political progress. A few small size jobs to a few political henchmen, represent a debit, not a credit. But we have gone forward. All is not dead, all is not hopeless. A new Chapter is breaking in the life of the race. A new spirit is in the making

On the credit side, we list the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters It is a fact, a reality, a vital, constructive achievement It is a beacon light of hope and promise to twelve thousand Pullman porters, in particular and the race in general Black toilers everywhere may sense their salvation through this effort

With deep gratitude, too, we list the valiant fight of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in The Sweet Case. It has dug deep into our racial consciousness, and the response has done us proud. In literature and art, the most outstanding thing done is James Weldon Johnson's Codification of the Negro folk songs, the Opportunity's and Crisis' awards for achievements in literature and art. The winning of the fellowship in the Julliard Foundation by Leviticus Lyons is also a promise. Our social life is still dreadfully planless. One of the tragedies of our race is waste, waste from unintelligent spending. Despite our myriad charity organizations which dovetail and overlap, some seventy-five per cent of those among us who need succor, receive no attention. Our giving ought to be pooled, coordinated into one intelligent body. Nor should charity be practiced merely for social prestige but for social service. Nor should the fortunate patronize the unfortunate. On our credit side too may be listed the spirit of the students at Fisk and Howard. More power to them.

With upturned faces, we face the future more militant, more determined to go forward, onward and upward in 1926, that every vestige of an inferiority complex which plagues the race may be scrapped and destroyed.

Speak Up Mr. Abbott

The *World's Greatest Weekly* has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The movement to organize the Pullman porters was the straw that broke the camel's back.

The *Chicago Defender* has thrown its weight on the side of the Pullman Company and against the Pullman porters by giving space to the propaganda of the Company and denying the porters a hearing.

According to many porters, the circulation of the

rials

colored American thinkers

Defender was largely built up by porters carrying bundles around the country, getting agents for it. The paper owes much of its power to the porters, and now it turns against them.

Does Abbott need the money the Pullman Company is giving for its opposition to the Brotherhood? Hardly. He has gotten along without it so far. It is obvious to every intelligent person that if the Brotherhood fails or succeeds, the Negro papers that have sold out, will receive no more Pullman money. They have never before received any support from the Pullman Company, but they have from the porters. Enlightened self interest ought to dictate their supporting their race movements.

Now the *Defender*, the *Whip*, the *Argus*, etc., are stacked up by the thousands in the offices of the Company, and the porters are religiously urged and persuaded to take copies. Why is the Pullman Company so interested in the porters reading Negro papers now? Simply because the *Defender* and some others are opposing the struggle of the men for a living wage. Before this, if Brother Abbott had walked into a Pullman office and began handing out copies of the *Defender* to the porters, the officials would have either kicked him out or had him impounded in some asylum for insanity. But now he is needed to help them chloroform the porters.

As a newspaper man, Mr. Abbott is obliged to give space to both sides of a controversy involving such big and vital questions as this movement. No white paper in the country, has taken such a palpably unfair position as the *Defender* has. The *Chicago Daily News, The New York Times, World, Journal, Sun* and *Globe, St. Louis Post Dispatch, Omaha Bee*, and numerous others, have carried splendid reports of the Brotherhood, and all favorable, too. Note too, that these are white papers that do not depend upon Negroes buying them for their existence, whereas, the *Defender* and Negro papers, in general, do depend entirely upon Negro patrons, and still, Abbott carries lurid headlines, misrepresentations and malicious lies against the Brotherhood for the Company and not a line for the porters. This is well nigh inconceivable. But miracles may happen with Negro leaders under the pressure of money.

We still feel that Brother Abbott's heart is all right, though, it is apparent, that his head is wrong, or his hands are tied.

The only reason which can be assigned for his attitude is that he is a director of the Binga State Bank, and the Pullman Porters Benefit Association has ten thousand dollars on deposit there. This Association, of course, is controlled by the Pullman Company which would compel it to withdraw its deposits, should Abbott, a director, carry in the *Defender*, anything in the interest of the porters' organization. This undoubtedly is the real reason.

But Abbott should have had guts enough to say to the Pullman Company, I'll carry any legitimate advertising, but I'll not carry your propaganda as news unless I give the same opportunity to the porters. This would have been fair, manly, honest. True he has not carried an editorial against the porters but the news propaganda is far more effective than editorials, since few people read editorials.

This presents a very serious situation to the race. Our biggest weekly permits itself to be gagged by a rich corporation in order to retain a $10,000 deposit in the Binga Bank, from which Mr. Abbott profits. Mr. Abbott speak up, is it true or not true. Are ten thousand dollars more important to the race than the Lives of 12,000 porters and their families?

The World Today

World events are moving in swift and rapid succession. Diplomatists are nervously awaiting the next change. They are not at all sure of themselves. They have guessed wrongly so many times. Affairs in Europe still move uneasily, France reflecting the greatest stability of all the nations, as a result of the wild fluctuations in the franc, which have upset five or more ministries. But France is not alone sorely disturbed. Like an old rheumatic, England is chronically impatient, cautiously surveying the shifting scenes in the world, and deftly adjusting herself for the rising storms. She adroitly maneuvered herself into possession of the Mosul oil fields, the property of Turkey. Except for the weakness of the Angora government, it would have caused another war. To some the Mosul award to Great Britain, represents the strength and value of the League of Nations. To others, it represents its weakness, that it is the cat's paw of perfidious Albion, and, hence, a menace to world peace.

Certainly it will not serve to weaken the position of the United States irreconcilables on the League or the World Court, the discussion of which is again engaging the attention of students of world politics. Not the least interesting gesture in the European drama, is the pronouncement by Mussolini on the creation of a spiritual Italian empire, a sort of resurgence of the slogan: Italian Irredenta. With the renormalization of Germany under the Dawes Reparation Plan, the spirit of Pan Teutonism, expressed in the demand for a union of the Reich with Austria, is reasserting itself.

Meanwhile, Russia is making overtures to the Western Powers for recognition. The Riffs are still unconquered by France and Spain and the outcry of China for the right for self-determination

(*Continued on page* 30)

Open Forum

A Voice for Supporter and Opponent

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

En-Route

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Subject: Who is to blame for the condition of our race?

Far back in ancient days, our foreparents did not have the privilege that we have today. Therefore, there was very little progress made. Today we have a golden opportunity to make a success in life. The thing we should do is to grasp hold of it, and make our calling election show—not wait until tomorrow, for it may be too late. Young men and old men, if there ever was a time we should get together, it is now. One great trouble with our race is that we do not think enough. Some of us really have more money than we take time to think. Men, stop and think a moment. Think how many Negroes there are in the United States. Just think, seven thousand out of twelve thousand can put the entire million on the road to success. Only if you cooperate with your leader though. Stop and think of the future, not things of the past, and let us make our race one of the most prosperous races on the face of the earth.

I want to call your attention back to the subject. Ask yourself the question, "Lord, is it I to blame for the condition of our race?"

This message does not appeal to the porter only, but to every individual of our race. Now, let your conscience be your guide. Our so-called leaders have sold us out. Some are our next door neighbor and they are porters, but those who have taken money in order to down our race are going to reap damnation; not in hell, but here on earth. And it is a known fact that a coward cannot make a leader. It takes courage, strength, knowledge, in order to make a brave man, to press forward to the front. Thank God, I am one of them. I fear no one, regardless of race, creed or color, for the same God that rules over the big ones with all their millions, the same God that rules over so-called leaders who have caused our race to suffer for their mistakes, rules over me. I am praying that this union may be a success. Not only praying, but working hard and putting forth every method that is just in order to make this union a success. Friends, I ask you with tears in my eyes to do your best, and that which is right. When our so-called leaders stop and think what great mistakes they have made, when they are willing to stand up for what is right, just like A. P. Randolph and Chandler Owen, then righteness shall cover this earth as the water covers the great deep. In the final analysis, we find out who is to blame, it is our so-called leaders with a wish-bone instead of a backbone. You must dare to do the right. Dare to be true. You have to work that no other can do so quickly, so bravely, so well. Angels will hasten the story to tell, "Dare to do right, dare to be true." Other men's failures can never help you. Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith. Stand like a hero and battle till death. Some of these days the sky will be brighter. Some of these days our burden will be lighter. Some of these days we will reach the golden gates. Some of these days, yes, some of these days. God bless you.

A PORTER.

833 Leland Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Messenger,
2307 Seventh Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

December 12, 1925.

Dear Editor:

Sometime ago, at a symposium, at the Berean School, Prof. Carl Kelsey became outrageously angry with Mr. A. Philip Randolph, because the latter claimed that Haiti was being outraged, raped and exploited by the American Marines, in the interest of the New York City National Bank. Prof. Kelsey referred to Mr. Randolph as a contemptible skunk or words to that effect, which showed that he could not meet the facts presented by Mr. Randolph with facts. No one has told more lies about Haiti than Prof. Kelsey and Gen. Butler; at a meeting sometime ago, at the Academy of Music, the venerable Gen. Smedley D. Butler made the statement that less than one per cent of the Haitians could read and write their names, and Mr. Gruening offered to meet him at another meeting and debate the question. The meeting was arranged but Mr. Butler did not show up, neither of these gentlemen have read the Congressional investigation which has been adopted, and is now known as Senate Resolution 112. It is in two volumes, and I am quite certain they do not want to read it, but for the benefit of the colored citizens of America, I am going to ask you to be kind enough to publish the following resolution offered by Senator William H. King, of Utah, which appeared in the Congressional Record on December 8th, on page 94, of the current year. It reads as follows:

RESOLVED, That the Secretary of States is requested to advise the Senate as to what powers and functions Brig. Gen. John H. Russell is exercising in Haiti or in relation to the Haiti Government, under or by authority of the Secretary of State, including the number of troops under the command of General Russell in Haiti and the military powers exercised by him for or on behalf or under the direction of the Secretary; that the Secretary transmit to the Senate the text of all instructions issued by him to General Russell and the text of all correspondence between the Haitian Government and General Russell and between the Haitian Government and any other officer or agent of the State Department respecting loans to the Haitian Government by American Banks; and that the Secretary further transmit to the Senate any and all correspondence between the Secretary and General Russell and between General Russell and any officials of the Haitian Government respecting the holding of the election of the legislature and Government of Haiti which is fixed by the Constitution of Haiti to be held in January next, and to advise the Senate whether or not General Russell has been instructed to take steps or to use his influence to prevent the holding of such election or to postpone the same or to retain the present President of Haiti in power in default of the election of a successor upon the date fixed.

Whereas the relations between the United States and the Republic of Haiti have assumed a condition which is unsatisfactory to the inhabitants of said country and otherwise disadvantageous to the United States, which condition is due in large measure to the presence of the naval forces of the United States in said country and the exercise by the United States of the control of the finances and revenues of said country; and

Whereas the purpose of the intervention by the United States in the political affairs of said country, the direction of their naval and finances, and the police of the same by the United States naval forces has been accomplished, and there is no further advantage either to the United States or said country from any continued intervention in its affairs: Now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of the Senate of the United States that the President should withdraw the naval forces of the United States now in Haiti and should arrange an abrogation of any treaty, protocol, or other agreement providing for the control of the revenues of Haiti by the United States, or providing for the intervention of the United States in the political affairs of said country, and that it is the sense of the Senate that Haiti should be free from any external interference with its domestic policies or internal adminstration.

This shows that Mr. Randolph was right and in fact every one knows what has happened in Haiti, who is conversant with the situation at all, which obtains in Haiti, and has gone on since 1915, when a shipload of gold was taken from the vaults of the Haitian National Bank and brought to the New York City Nationay Bank. I ask that this be published in order that the black people of America get their eyes open to the damnable lies that have been told, and are being told today in reference to Haiti. Senator King also offered a resolution calling upon America to give the Philippines more autonomous government.

Thanking you in advance, I am

Yours for success,

L. F. COLES.

Boston, Mass., November 28, 1925.

Dear Friend:

Isn't it too bad that the workers have to go through so much trouble and turmoil to achieve simple justice. But you see that is the kind of world we are living in just now; so we must all do the best we can to make it better for ourselves and our children. I hope the boys will be very patient, as I have no doubt that their endurance will be tested to the utmost. The boys will win of course in the long run though the run may indeed be a long one.

We all remember with pleasure the beautiful address you gave at the Forum last season.

Always fraternally and admiringly,
(Signed) JOHN ORTH.

St. Louis, Mo., December 2, 1925.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Brother Randolph:

This letter is to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of November 21st and 26th, respectively. I am ver- glad of this opportunity to cooperate in this movement, the greatest in the history of the race. It will probably take a few months of hard work, but St. Louis must and will go over the top.

I am doing all that I can to keep the spirit of the organization alive in St. Louis. I am urging every Pullman Porter that I meet to send their application fee direct to headquarters, and I believe that a number of them are acting according to my advice along that line. If you will send me some propaganda material occasionally, I will do all in my power to distribute it among the men.

I read, with much interest, your reply to Perry Howard in the last issue of the Messenger. A better reply could not have been made.

I see that the Company is calling for an election to elect representatives in order to hold another conference in Chicago in an effort to block this movement, the same thing that was done two years ago, but do not give up, you will triumph eventually, because your cause is right.

With best wishes, I am
Yours fraternally,
A PORTER.

Missouri, December 11, 1925.

A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer,
New York City.
2311 Seventh Avenue,

Dear Sir:

I, ———, porter of the St. Louis district, failed to hear you when you were here, but somehow or other got hold of one of your application blanks. I am now sending you $5.00, for which to become a member of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. I wish I was five men instead of one now, and I do hope you will soon get the 51 per cent.

A PORTER.

To the St. Louis Argus.

My dear Mr. Mitchell:

After reading your recent editorial entitled, "Your two questions to Randolph," I feel that you should be presented with the facts regarding the present movement to organize the Pullman Porters. You seem to be of the opinion that it is a movement designed and started by Mr. Randolph for his personal gains. This is entirely false. In the first place, Mr. Randolph was not a party to the plan in its inception and is therefore, not guilty. Let me inform you, sir, that all the plans, possibilities and the needs for such an organization were discussed by a body of New York Pullman Porters who were and still are working under the present Company plans. They are the Porters who feel the existing oppressions and who courageously sought a remedy for them. After working out several details the question of a real man, one fitted in every respect to put their program over, this of course was considered no easy task as the Porters were well aware of the strong opposition that the movement would encounter from the Company, which is no more than natural and should be expected, the question of such a man was the ghost of many a sleepless night for these porters. Then finally it was decided upon to call on Mr. Randolph and discuss the whole situation with him, get his views and solicit his support for such a movement; their efforts bore the desired results and now you may be able, dear sir, to see why he (Mr. Randolph) is so active in organizing the Pullman Porters. He has given his word to the parties of the first part as party of the second part to see it through as it was a simple case of rights to be fought out by those that were affected by the oppressions imposed by the Pullman Company. On August 25th, the first meeting was held and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters came into existence under the direct management of Mr. A. Philip Randolph as general organizer and Roy Lancaster, as Secretary and Treasurer.

Now, dear Brother Mitchell, relieve yourself of further worry about the five dollars per man that is being collected and the one dollar per month as dues. The protection of these funds is amply made and covered by bonds and a certified accountant is employed to check up on every penny that is expended and the chances for Mr. Randolph to secure the $72,000 and flee to Russia for keeps as you claim is as slim and as remote as is yours to regain the respect of the Pullman Company and the public in general for having sold the only thing that men and Nations regard, namely, your honor, your rights to defend the members of your race in an economic fight for industrial democracy. You, sir, as others that pose as spokesmen of this race of ours, have proven your worth in the stand you have taken in regard to the Pullman Porters organization and no excuse or pretense will be accepted by the Public in general and certainly you expect none from the Pullman Porters for having sold out to the Pullman Company. As to the future of the movement, we are very hopeful and have cause each day to "praise God from whom all blessings flow." We especially thank God for Randolph, for we now know that he was sent to by God to emancipate us from these terrible conditions under which we must labor in order to care for our loved ones whom God has seen fit to intrust to our care.

Our mottor is: Fight on! Randolph, we will stand behind you and support your every effort! We are resolved to obey your commands. We feel proud of your leadership. We honor you. Those who are opposing us should blame the Porters and not Randolph for the present movement. Some day you may have cause to compliment the Porters for their selection of the man who leads in this fight. A word to the Porters. Now is the time for all who have not yet joined to do so and send in your application today. Pay no attention to the paid hirelings of the Pullman Company, who have betrayed you for some paltry sum in order to keep you back and deprive you of that which is rightfully yours by virtue of you producing efficient service to the public the only product sold by the Pullman Company. They have sacrificed the bodies of your wives and children upon the altar of selfish ambitions, they have turned a deaf ear to the wailings of those they have betrayed. These human buzzards would feast upon the bodies of our wives and children in order to live in ease and luxuries, but their days are numbered and they cannot pass.

In conclusion, remember, with Randolph leader the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters there are no oppositions that cannot be broken, and beyond the oppositions lies freedom, manhood, self-respect and dignity, these qualities the public demands in your present position. Pity the Judas that have betrayed you, for they, too, will soon follow he who betrayed the Saviour.

Respectfully yours,
A TRUE SOLDIER.

WANTED A live, wide-awake, young man or woman to handle advertising. Bring references. Good business career in an interesting field open to one who can hustle. Apply:

THE MESSENGER
2311 7TH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

And if my standard-bearer fall,
As full full well he may;
For never saw I promise yet
Of such a bloody fray;
Press where ye see my white plume shine
Amid the ranks of war;
And be your Oriflumme today,
The helmet of Navarre!

The Pullman Porters have been organized into a bona-fide union under the leadership of the intrepid A. Philip Randolph of "The Messenger" fame and ex-porter Roy Lancaster, whose courageous fight for justice, while in the ranks, is common history among porters. It raised him to unquestioned leadership by his associates; but it also made him a marked man, dangerous to those who cared little for justice, and looked for discharge as good, but unsalable material.

Through the temporary twin laws of "Human Injustice" and "The Survival of the Slickest" this was accomplished. "The Pullman Porters have organized!" The news flashed throughout the continent and beyond, seemingly, in its intensity out of proportion to its importance.

Who does not know the Pullman Porter? The suave, smiling, efficient, ever-present attendant who makes de-luxe travel in America the pleasant feature it is and has been the tested sinews upon which the Pullman Company rose to power and affluence.

He is a public character—the public is aroused.

Why has he organized? Is he not well paid and well treated? Will the smile fade from his face? He has organized because he is tired of following the wisp of hay, tied in plain view, and kept ever green in front of the donkey's head. The progress is continuous for the master, but the ass remains hungry. And ultimately even an ass will discover that he is being tricked.

The spark that electrified the dormant mind was the discharge of Roy Lancaster and the alleged reasons for that discharge.

The real reason—the open secret, his rigorous and astute endeavors to give justice to 12,000 worthy men—to raise the status of the Pullman Porters.

The Pullman Porters have organized because for years they have given honest, efficient service to the Pullman Company without adequate recompense—following the wisp of hay. No one can justly question the statement that Pullman Porters are the greatest single factors in making the Company what it is today. Yet they are the most badly treated employees, the most over-worked and the most under paid. A twenty-year porter, with splendid record, is not on a par with a one-week office boy or a one-day Filipino Club Car "attendant."

The Pullman Company, through its officials, preach daily to its porters, service, service, service. They have got the service. The result is there. The porters have done their part. Have the Company done much for them? No. Sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents monthly wages attest loudly the negative.

Why should the Pullman Company with its millions of dollars expect the travelling public to pay their employees? The responsibilities should be shouldered by the right party —The Pullman Company.

The travelling public is made to pay sufficiently for their accommodations. They have matured for years the foundlings so adroitly left on their door step. Now the foundlings have grown and are trying to relieve their foster-parents of the charge and place the burden on the proper pedestal.

The smile will not fade from the features of the Porters; with the splendid courage, heritage of a race, their hearts will break while the smile lasts.

The men have grown practical, however, and have now refused to have broken hearts that may be avoided by using intelligent heads. What good does Pullman quarter afford to the wife far away? What good is there in a band when hunger gnaws at the vitals of the children?

What is the use of an Employer's Representative Plan that does not represent you—except in a bad light?

Why have a P. P. B. A. when the term may justly be interpreted as Pullman Porters Bally Asses?

What is the benefit of raising a porter to the position of welfare worker, sub-inspector or sign-out man when he is there merely because he looms up as a pliant and suitable tool of the Company to be used as a cats paw in spreading propaganda, to keep the porters satisfied in their present untenable position? The system has not even the advantage of originality—Governments have used it in colonizing. It has outgrown its usefulness in the march of progress and should be abandoned for more modern methods. Criticism is useless if not constructive. As a porter who has been for over twenty years in the service—watched their methods, stood for man nauseating lectures; suffered hardships, always endeavoring to give good service, and is now marching with the enlightened progressive union in its fight for liberation, I make the following suggestions to the Pullman Company.

First—Forget that these men are Negro worers and think of them as workers giving good service—as you *always* claim—needing adequate wages—as you *never* claim.

Second—Forget your trained sychophants and get in touch with real Porters who can express the spirit of the men—not the dog who will fawn when eyed and bite when your back is turned. Cowardly expresses that attitude.

Third—Make your lectures open forums for progressive discussions and not the tiresome cut and dried dribble that the men are compelled to attend. They are unique in being always one-sided in their scope—hence useless save as impending swords and more productive of disloyalty than loyalty.

Fourth—Give the Porters an incentive for right action and progress, better wages and better working conditions. The system under which they have worked so long is now worn out and useless to advance the Company to one hundred per cent efficiency. Try a progressive system by making the Porters feel themselves a part of the Company—a community of interest makes for solidarity hence unions.

Fifth—Do not be afraid of an honest union of Porters. There is no rancor or venom in it—we are organized for progress, for justice; to eliminate the undesirables from our ranks. We are organized so that our leaders may present to you our real selves and not the antiquated editions that your leaders—not understanding—present.

We are with you for progress through efficiency and service; but our methods are at variance. Yours have been tried and proved impractical. Try ours—remembering that true service must be voluntary, and not under the lash.

The lines which I started my article express the vision of what is before our valiant leaders and the men—our oriflumme or banner is progress and justice.

We wish our organization to fail if we are struggling to overturn justice law and order. We wish our union to win if the cause of right. The spirit of the patient men will follow the "white plume" of progress in spite of any and all obstacles placed in the path. Right must prevail because right is divine power.

A Porter.

The New Negro Year Book

For 1925-1926

¶ An Old Year Book ¶ Does Not Keep You Up To Date ¶ Consult the 500 Pages ¶ This New Edition ¶ The Latest Information ¶ Buy a Copy—Agents Wanted.

Price: Paper Cover $1.00, Board Cover $1.50

NEGRO YEAR BOOK COMPANY

Tuskegee Institute, Alabama

OPINION ON THE BROTHERHOOD

FRANK P. WALSH
Attorney and Counselor At Law
55 Liberty Street
New York

Mr. R. Lancaster,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Following our conversation of today, may I take the liberty of making a few observations, apropos of the organization campaign of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

The principal of the collective bargaining is an accepted one by our Government, Nation, State and Municipal. In the industrial fabric of the Nation, it has become an inherent and mighty part. Enlightened employers everywhere accept it, not only as an original right of the workers, but in practice, furnishing the machinery for continuous production, elimination of waste, and the maintenance of that bond of cooperation between employer and employee which insures the stability of industry and essential harmony of effort.

I know that you will agree with me that it would be futile, at this time, to review the economic wrongs suffered in the past by the great group of which you are a representative official. The sleeping car porters of our country occupy a position of trust and responsibility. They have the right, which is the boast of our American citizenship, to wages, hours and conditions from the companies which they serve, which will give themselves and those dependent upon them, not a mere existence, but a full life, in reasonable health and comfort, with leisure and opportunity, not only for family intercourse, but for the discharge of the full duties of citizenship, which their country demands of them.

I am loathe to believe that in this day and age, that any company or individual, would be so blind to the march of progress as to attempt to thwart your effort to fully develop your organization, in a way which will make it independent, and able to deal with its employers upon a fair and just basis. Unfortunately the past history of struggling trade unions, in their initial stages, has furnished instances of misunderstanding and oppression.

I am indulging the hope and belief that your young organization will not meet with such difficulties. In any event, as I explained to you in our conversation this morning, you may count upon me to give you every aid in my power, to bring your organization to a standing in numbers and influence, so that your members may be assured their economic freedom and that dignified manhood which is the right of every individual who gives his honest part to the great volume of production, which has made us the wealthiest, freest, and most splendid nation in the world.

With my kind regards and every good wish for the progress of your organization, and the fruition of your highest hopes, I am

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) FRANK P. WALSH.

ARTHUR B. SPINGARN
Counselor At Law
19 West 44th Street
New York City

December 9, 1925.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
Care Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue.

Dear Mr. Randolph:

In reply to your letter of Nov. 18th, I need hardly say that I sympathize with the right of any group to organize as they see fit and deplore the tactics employed to prevent the Sleeping Car Porters from organizing.

As an expression of our interest in your cause, I am sending on behalf of myself and my brother, Mr. J. E. Spingarn, a check for —— to help in the work of organization.

Very truly yours,

Enclosure.

(Signed) ARTHUR B. SPINGARN.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 14, 1925.

Dear Sir:

I am proud to say that I have been fortunate enough to become a member of the greatest body of thinking men that ever lived or died.

I have been an employee of the Pullman Company only six months, but that is long enough for me to understand the abuse and treatment that have been handed down from time to time to those men who have spent ten, twenty and thirty years in this service, and may I ask you to permit me to say that the spirit of the young men is one that means FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT.

Personally, I would like to say that I am not satisfied with the conditions under which we are forced to work and will not stand for it although our Union fails (which is impossible), I do not believe that there is a well-thinking race woman who is content with a miserable makeshift of a husband who opposses this move or who have not guts enough to come to the front, although he loses his little $67.50.

I am deeply concerned and shall do all in my power to put this movement over.

With best wishes to you and yours, I remain a faithful and willing member.

Yours very truly,
A PORTER.

New York City, Dec. 15, 1925.

Dear Sir:

Allow me a little space in your magnificent magazine to relate to you and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters how grateful I feel to know that we are about to accomplish our goal, something that should have been done ages ago.

I want to say that I never was disheartened from the begining and, since the meeting of the 8th instant, of which I attended, I indeed must say that it gave me more courage, more prestige and more inspiration. Every porter should be of the same feeling.

I want to say this much: I never have confessed religion although I am a Christian. I feel that the making up of this Union is likewise, I mean commonly speaking; because, first we can't explain this to everybody, yet when we find one of our own whom we know is true and loyal we cannot help but talk about it and it certainly makes me feel proud of Mr. Randolph and his staff.

Proud to know that we have at last found some one that we can boast of. There is lots more that I would like to say but you know how it is. We must think, but we can't talk at the present.

Trusting that you all are well and may continue. May God bless you.

Yours very truly,
A PORTER.

College of Engineering
CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Ithaca, New York
SCHOOL OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Paul M. Lincoln, Director
Vladimir Karapetoff, Professor
John G. Pertsch, Jr., Asst. Professor
William C. Ballard, Jr., Asst. Professor
Robert F. Chamberlain, Asst. Professor.

December 16, 1925.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph,
General Organizer of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of November 25, 1925: Some day the Sleeping Car Porters undoubtedly will be organized into a union, just as the other railway employees are now. Whether this shall be next year or twenty years fram now, depends entirely upon their intelligence, class-consciousness, courage, and willingness for temporary self sacrifice. Of

course, the Pullman Company is going to oppose the formation of a union; it cannot do otherwise. If it welcomed it, then there would be no need for organizing.

Unionization of labor, first by trades, then into larger groups, is an inevitable historical process, and I welcome it as a necessary step towards the next non-capitalist economic form of society, known as industrial democracy. Tell the porters from me that whether they succeed at once or not depends entirely on the kind of stuff they have under their curly hair.

Sincerely,
(Signed) VLADIMIR KARAPETOFF.

B. H. S. Car Porters, December 12, 1925.
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed you will please find an article supposed to be published on and by information furnished by one "Typ Jones" of this District, and on behalf of the men of this district, we wish to brand the malicious article from its first line to the last as being contrary to the reason of the most ignorant porter of this district. Furthermore, there is no such man working out of this district bearing the name "Typ Jones." This same photo is used throughout the whole System by the Company wherever a porter's picture is required for general advertisement use.

Yours truly,
(Signed) THE PORTERS, BUFFALO DISTRICT.

Robert M. LaFollette, Jr.
Wisconsin

UNITED STATES SENATE
Washington

Mr. Roy Lancaster, December 17, 1925.
Secretary Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Lancaster:

I am sure Senator LaFollette will be interested in the matters discussed in your letter of December 9th, and I am leaving it on his desk for further attention.

Send to us any material you may print in the future.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) GRACE LYNN, *Secretary.*

Burton K. Wheeler, Mont.

UNITED STATES SENATE
Committee on Interstate Commerce

Roy Lancaster, Sec'y-Treasurer, December 14, 1925.
Brotherhood Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

My dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your favor of December 9 and note what you say with reference to Hon. Perry W. Howard, a special assistant to the Attorney General. I am not conversant with his activities in connection with your organization.

I am in favor of labor organization in general and feel that the pullman porters are certainly doing the right thing when they organize for the betterment of their own conditions.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) B. K. WHEELER.

James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Chairman.

UNITED STATES SENATE
Committee on Military Affairs

Roy Lancaster, Esq., December 12, 1925.
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir.

I have your favor of December 9th together with the resolution adopted by the Pullman Porters regarding their organization. If this matter comes up in Congress in such a way that I can take part and action on it, I shall give it my best consideration.

(Signed) J. W. WADSWORTH, JR.

Samuel Dickstein,
12th District, New York.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES
House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

My dear Sir: December 14, 1925.

I have your letter of the 9th instant, and have carefully noted contents contained in your communication and the resolution attached thereto.

You may be sure that the matter about which you write will receive my earnest consideration.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) SAMUEL DICKSTEIN.

Ogden L. Mills, 17th Dist, New York.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES
House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Roy Lancaster, December 12, 1925.
Sleeping Car Porter,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York.

My dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of December 6th, and thank you for your courtesy in sending me the resolutions recently adopted by your organization.

Sincerely yours
(Signed) OGDEN L. MILLS.

Sol Bloom, 19th District, New York.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES
House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Roy Lancaster, December 12, 1925.
Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Sir:

I was very glad indeed to receive your letter of December 6th, with the resolutions attached. It will be a pleasure for me to help the Sleeping Car Porters and their organization in any and every way possible.

I do appreciate the good services rendered to the traveling public by the members of your organization, who are deserving and entitled to every consideration.

I want you to feel at liberty to call on me at any time you think I can possibly do anything for you, consistent with my duties; and thanking you for your letter and wishing you continued success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) SOL BLOOM.

Royal H. Weller, 21st District, New York.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES
House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Roy Lancaster, December 15, 1925.
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Permit me to acknowledge your letter of the 6th instant with reference to the organization of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and to assure you that the matter will have my careful attention.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) ROYAL H. WELLER.

Anthony J. Griffin, 22nd Dist., New York.

CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES
House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Roy Lancaster, December 14, 1925.
Secretary-Treasurer,
Sleeping Car porters Brotherhood,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Lancaster:

I have your letter of December 6th enclosing copy of resolution adopted by your association under date of December 5th relative to the Pullman Porters Union.

I shall be glad to give this resolution my consideration.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) ANTHONY J. GRIFFIN.

Gilbert E. Roe, Counselor At Law,
55 Liberty Street, New York.

Bro. of Sleeping Car Porters, December 15, 1925.
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City,

Dear Sirs:

Replying to your favor of November 18th last, I beg to say that the movement to organize the Pullman porters, should, in my opinion, have the support of the public. It is a part of the history of the labor movement that organization has not only benefited the particular group of laborers involved, but in the long run has been a benefit to the public as well as to the employers themselves.

The improved conditions existing in all departments where labor is organized ought to be a convincing argument to all Pullman porters that they must organize if they expect to keep pace with the improvement of labor generally.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) GILBERT E. ROE.
190 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.,

December 10, 1925.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer,
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

I read some time ago in the press the account of the movement to organize the Pullman Porters and was deeply interested in this effort to secure better working conditions for this group of men.

It seems incredible that a corporation as wealthy as the Pullman Company should pay such a monthly wage of $67.50 and rely upon the public to make up a sufficient amount for these men and their families to live upon.

I earnestly hope that your efforts in organizing the men will be successful and that the men will thereby be able to secure adequate compensation for their work.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) DARWIN J. MESEROLE.

The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York.

My dear Mr. Randolph: December 11, 1925.

I am very glad, indeed, to learn of your movement to organize the sleeping car porters of this country. I sincerely hope that you will be successful.

I travel a great deal, and I have found the porters extraordinary faithful, loyal, obliging, and polite. I am sure that no white men could render similar services as patiently, year in and year out. They certainly would not stand such wages, the lack of sleep, irregular meals, etc., with the same equanimity. More than that, the principle of having the public pay part of the wages of these men, and trusting to luck that the public will give them enough so that they can have a living wage is all wrong. There is no more reason for it than paying the train and pullman conductors less than a living wage and directing them to ask the traveling public for ten cents whenever they take up a ticket.

I hope to hear that you have been successful all along the line.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR.

BROTHERHOOD OF FIREMEN AND OILERS

Philip Randolph, December 10, 1925.
General Organizer, Sleeping Car Porters,
2311 Seventh Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

This is to acknowledge receipt of your favor of Nov. 18th, and in reply thereto, let me say that I have been on an organizing trip in Canada for the past month, therefore the delay in answering your letter.

I am very pleased to know of the movement that is on towards organizing the Colored Porters. I have been riding on pullmans for more than thirty years, and the Pullman Porter has always had my sympathy. I don't know of any other class of labor that has to put in the unreasonable hours and the hard work that these men have to do, and in addition to that, they have to stand the abuse of the travelling public, many of whom take a delight in rubbing it into "George."

I travel and have travelled for a number of years on an average of 20,000 miles a year, and I have always tried to be considerate and have talked encouragingly to the Pullman Porter, and from now, on, I shall advise the Porters whom I come in contact with to join their Union and do their share to build up an organization whereby they will be in a position to demand humane conditions and enable them to support their dependants, and to raise their families in surroundings that will enable them to demand the respect of the community and to have their children grow up strong, healthy men and women, both morally and intellectually. Our country will have, through such conditions, a better race of people in the coming generations.

With best wishes for your success,

Fraternally yours,
(Signed) TIMOTHY HEALY,
International President.

Resignation

Why does the sun rise in the east?
Why do all rivers flow into the sea?
Why does the fire burn,
And what is death?

I have looked into your eyes,
Those great bright flaming eyes
That flash like northern lights.
The light in them is softer now.
But not yet soft enough, oh eyes of steel.

I have looked into your face,
Aflame with eagerness.
It was the face of a goddess
Watchful of her law.
Your face is softer now,
But not yet soft enough, oh face of flint.

I have offered you riches beyond gold,
The skies of Italy,
The treasures of old Greece
And sweet companionship.
Pale dust and Dead Sea fruit
These dreams of mine to you.

Take then your dreams, and let me rest.
What thing you strive to do
I do not know.
What thing it is you dream
I cannot tell.

Take them your dream ,
Poor tool of immortality.
The songs I might have sung
Some day your child will sing
Nursed on the faded fabric of my dream.

—By D. P. BERENBERG.

When Genius Is Damned

By Thomas Millard Henry

A literary genius was outdone;
He walked these longest streets (too poor to ride),
And read "Les Miserables" on the side;
At him chaps jeered, "Black nigger" (oh what fun!),
With sculptured brow, jet black from tropic sun,
He knocked at rich men's doors, whose servants lied
About an ad and said. "We are satisfied";
Their preference were the Greek, or Pole, or Hun.

The black that read through Horace many a time,
That once had edited a noted paper,
That knew the classics—story, prose, and rhyme—
That soared through Spencer like a bird through vapor,
A great town starved him and his head sublime,
When her chief need was well-trained minds to shape her.

Notes of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters

(*Continued from page* 15)

if you succeed, the race succeeds. Of course you will not fail, you cannot fail. Mistakes may delay your progress, wise counsel may hasten your progress, but one thing is certain, ultimate victory is assured. What you are doing, white men have done. They succeeded, so can you.

Again a Happy, Prosperous and Victorious New Year.

Remember that a winner never quits and a quitter never wins.

Arm in arm, hand in hand, let us march forward, onward and upward.

Since the organization of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, a new independent, manhood spirit is manifest among the porters everywhere. The Uncle Tom characters are fast vanishing from the roads. The stalwart, upright-standing Brotherhood men are driving them to cover. From the trend of things, it won't be very long before a porter will not be permitted to ride the cars unless he carries a membership card in the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. The Big Four Brotherhoods are of the spirit to co-operate with the B. of S. C. P. in order to bring this to pass, for when the railroad workers are organized 100 per cent, each unit of railroad workers will be just so much more powerful and justified in pressing its claims for better working conditions, wages and hours of work.

Washington, D. C.

The capital was the first stop in the organization campaign drive to put the Brotherhood over the top. The militant spirits of the Union had already prepared the way. They had done their work well. They had worked tactfully and secretly. The district management had already taken reprisals against the *Washington Tribune*, by barring it from the Pullman porters' quarters, on account of the independent stand it took on the movement. All sorts of subtle and indirect threats were employed by the local officials in order to induce or intimidate the porters from attending the meetings. As many men as possible were doubled out in order to keep them away from the contamination of the message of the Brotherhood. But happily, it was all to no avail. The old and young porters in the district came to the meeting. Some of the men said that every porter who was in that night attended the meeting.

They saw what they had never seen before. The pulpit of the John Wesley Church was full of white labor leaders. Mr. Eagan, special representative of Mr. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, made a strong and forceful talk against the company union as typified in the Employee Representation Plan; he was followed by Mr. H. E. Wills, the dean of the Big Four Brotherhood leaders. As the Vice-President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, he gave a most graphic presentation of the struggles of the engineers to organize and get recognition. Next was Mr. Lovell, legislative representative of the Firemen and Enginemen, who interestingly recounted the steady and sure progress of the firemen in their fight for a living wage and improved working conditions. Mr. Clark, of the Order of Train Conductors, showed how labor was ever rising to a higher place of vision and social usefulness in the nation. One of the most forceful and inspiring addresses of the meeting was made by Mr. Neval H. Thomas, who stirred the audience with his eloquent appeal to the men to fight on to a successful finish. He was followed by Mr. Rhenzi B. Lemus, president of the Brotherhood of Dining Car Employees, who pointedly told of the progress of his craft. Benjamin C. Marsh of the Progressive Farmers organization, told how the element of race broke down when a question of their common economic interest was raised.

All of the Washington papers gave splendid mention of the meeting, the *Washington Tribune* giving a most exhaustive and painstaking account. Washington has gone over the top with colors flying. The men are rallying to the tune of ninety-eight per cent.

A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer, and Roy Lancaster, Secretary-Treasurer, were given a great ovation when they appeared in the meeting. Mr. Randolph stated the program of the Brotherhood, and presided. At the end, Mr. Lancaster told how he had attempted to make the Employee Representation Plan work, but to no avail, since he was balked and frustrated in his every effort.

Men are signing their membership blanks in the office of the *Washington Tribune*, 920 U Street, N. W.

Boston

A series of meetings had been prepared by some of the bolder spirits of the porters in the colored churches. Prior to the meetings, contact had been established with the Boston papers by Mr. Roy Lancaster, Secretary-Treasurer, the result of which was a most splendid and cordial reporting of the meetings. Brother Murphy, representative of the American Federation of Labor, readily responded to an invitation to address the meetings. In a most masterly and forceful talk, he indicated to the men that the only salvation of the working class, white or black, is organization. He thrilled the audience with his graphic and vivid portrayal of the struggle of the workers for a living wage in America. From the reception his address received, it was quite evident that his arguments were telling and effective.

It was most gratifying also to note the strong appeal made by the ministers of the churches to the men in the interest of organization. Though Boston is super-conservative, the porters showed a deep and abiding appreciation for the program of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

During the days the men were industriously coming to the hotel, signing the application blanks for membership. This arrangement was adopted in order to forestall the stool pigeons of the company. Mr. Randolph's message was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. The general opinion among the men was that the union is their only hope. This spirit was genuinely manifested by a large number of the men joining who had been in the service twenty and thirty years.

The colored papers, the *Chronicle* and the *Guardian*, were very liberal in according space to the Brotherhood's meetings. From Boston, Mr. Randolph and Mr. Lancaster returned to New York in order to prepare for the Western tour.

Chicago

On the 17th of October began a series of meetings for the purpose of putting the B. of S. C. P. on the map. They had been arranged by Mr. M. P. Webster, who is now the organizer for the Chicago division. Some of Chicago's prominent men of affairs had been invited to speak. All of them did not appear. Considerable pressure had been brought to bear on the leading Negroes of Chicago in order to alienate them from the movement. But at the appointed time in the Metropolitan Community Center, the organization campaign began with force and verve. The hall was packed, and hundreds of porters, with upturned faces and eager eyes, were awaiting the long expected message of emancipation from the oppression of the Pullman Company. They had been lashed into a veritable frenzy of expectancy by rumors pro and con. They had been warned and threatened with discharge if they attended the meetings, they had been told that it was utterly impossible for the organization to succeed in the face of the opposition of the Pullman Company. Hence they were uncertain, but hopeful. They came, they listened, and most of them were convinced that their only hope consists in collective action.

The meetings were also covered by the various detective agencies who had been deputed to dog our every step. They sat quietly in the meetings eagerly waiting to hear

something which would satisfy their masters. But all of them were not anti-union at heart. They were merely there under orders. It was apparent that they too were convinced. They wished that they could come out and express their convictions on the movement. Some of them vouchsafed as much to me. But they were paid to serve as the watch-dogs on the organization. The meetings were moving so triumphantly that the Pullman Company ordered Mr. Perry W. Howard to challenge the General Organizer for a debate. A telegram was received in the meetings to that effect. Naturally, I accepted. The debate was arranged for the 25th of October, on a Sunday afternoon. It was an eventful day. The interest was city-wide. Chicago was stirred as it had never been stirred before. All ranks were concerned, workers and business people, and the professional group. Everybody wanted to know the facts and arguments on both sides. Hence, at the appointed time, Lawyer C. Francis Stratford, who acted as chairman, called the meeting to order. The hall was packed and jammed to its utmost capacity. Without much ado, he introduced me as the first speaker. I spoke for forty minutes. At the end the house showed that it was decidedly pro-union for the porters by its vociferous applause. Mr. Howard was introduced next. He too, spoke for forty minutes, but throughout his speech the audience heckled and hissed him. It was indeed difficult to maintain order. At the end it had been established that the case for the Pullman Company was lost.

That debate sounded the call to action to the men, and also served effectively to discredit Mr. Perry W. Howard as the spokesman of the Pullman Company. Since he failed in debate, he then made recourse to the papers. He was sure that he would not get a reply in the Negro papers, because they had been bought up by Pullman money. But he was answered through bulletins and the MESSENGER.

The campaign was efficiently and ably advanced by the militant and cogent talks given by Chandler Owen, chief editorial writer of the *Chicago Bee;* William Pickens, field secretary of the N. A. A. C. P.; R. L. Mays, noted labor Negro leader, and C. Francis Stratford, brilliant lawyer of Chicago. Dr. W. D. Cook also gave his endorsement and co-operation in presenting the organization to the people of Chicago. After a period of two weeks of intensive organization work, an active organizing committee was set up and an office opened at 3118 Giles Avenue, with Mr. George A. Price acting as local secretary-treasurer, and Mr. J. T. Berry as field agent.

At the end of the first organization drive in Chicago, owing to the rapid and amazing increase in business in the headquarters in New York City, Mr. Lancaster was forced to return East. Mr. Totten, who had been discharged in Chicago because of his aggressive insistence upon making the Employee Representation Plan function in the interest of the Pullman porters, took up the fight and journeyed with me to our next scene of battle, St. Louis.

St. Louis

We had had no advance agent in St. Louis. Everything had to be done from the beginning. A church centrally located was secured and advertising put out by Mr. Totten for the organization drive. The work was uphill and difficult for the first week. Afterwards interest among the men began to heighten. A pall of fear was gradually being dissipated by the constant hammering of facts and arguments on reasons why every porter should become a member of the Brotherhood. The only Negro paper in the city had already sold out to the Company, and in reply to deliberate misrepresentations in the *Argus,* a bulletin was issued by myself setting forth the truth about the movement. This put a quietus upon Mr. Mitchell, the editor of the *Argus.* One preachers' organization, after a short presentation of the work before it, endorsed the movement.

At the end of the campaign period, a vigilant and able organizing committee was established with some of the most responsible porters in the district as its members. An agency was established for receiving the applications for membership in the office of Dr. W. A. Bridges, 917A N. Sarah Street. The spirit of St. Louis has grown rapidly in favor of the Brotherhood, despite the many intimidations employed by Superintendent Burr to keep the men out of the Union. It will only be a very short time before 98 per cent of the men will be carrying their union cards. After a successful drive, Mr. Totten and myself returned to Chicago for a few meetings. They were stirring and productive of splendid results. From Chicago we went to Kansas City, Mo.

Kansas City

Many invitations had been extended us by the men to come to Kansas City. We had been urged to hasten there. Rumors were afloat everywhere that the field was ripe. Mr. Totten had preceded and secured a place for the meetings and spoken in several churches. The Y. M. C. A. had been thrown open to the use of the organization. Meetings were held day and night. All of them were well attended. The sentiment for the Brotherhood was as strong here as anywhere. Men showed little or no fear. They had waited eagerly to hear the message from the East, and they received it with a most magnificent demonstration of co-operation to the cause. An agency for receiving the applications of the men was established in the studio of Mr. W. B. Harrison, 1830 Vine Street. Men are joining rapidly. Splendid assistance was rendered by Rev. Holmes, who gave me the opportunity to address his large Sunday morning service on the objects and aims of the movement. The Secretary of the "Y," ..... showed a most admirable spirit in lending his assistance to the work. Here, four of the prominent leaders of the city had been induced by one Melvin Chisum to attend a Washington conference, presumably against segregation, but actually against the Brotherhood. Their attitude had caused considerable stir among the people. In order to get an expression of their reason for attending such a conference, I addressed an open letter to them which provoked a reply. Some of them protested their innocence, pointing out that they had no idea of the purpose of the conference. Our next step was Omaha, Nebraska.

Omaha, Nebraska

We found Omaha bleak and cold, but the people turned out in large numbers to the meetings. Some of the finest spirits I have ever met reside here. They have no fear. They have one object in view, namely, the progress of the movement. We were fortunate in securing as an agency the office of Dr. Hawkins, 2021½ N. 24th Street. Dr. Hawkins had already co-operated in preparing the way for the meeting long before our arrival. The vigorous assault upon Bishop A. J. Carey caused city-wide talk, for this was his diocese. His action in betraying the porters for the Pullman Company was the subject of bitter comment by the people. The work in Omaha is moving at a rapid pace. From there we returned to Chicago for another campaign for members. In this effort we were able to line up a large group of women's organizations behind the movement. They showed intense interest and expressed deep disgust and amazement at the treachery, duplicity and venality of Perry W. Howard, Melvin J. Chisum, Bishop A. J. Carey, Joe D. Bibb and Rev. I. Garland Penn. On the 22nd of December, Mr. Totten and I returned to New York.

(*Continued on page* 31)

Telephone: Victory 7743

MEET ME AT THE "L"

18 EAST 28th STREET, CHICAGO

GRANT FRAZIER HERBERT JONES

Davy Carr

(*Continued from page 8*)

until that evening how much she must have cared for Paul, and ho wterribly she was hurt by his disappearance and his silence. I have asked Don more than once since that night to tel me the real result of his quest, but he always laughs and evades. He has never yet asserted explicitly that he found out nothing."

Such was the story as told to me by Tommie, and between September, 1919, and last Monday evening there was nothing to add. Of course, as the result of Tommie's narrative I observed Genevieve more closely, and felt a stronger liking for her, through sympathy for her trouble. Only a woman capable of the deepest, truest feeling could have been so affected. And homehow, to my way of thinking, she was not at all *bitter*. She was simply a woman capable of *one* abiding love. When that was killed, or thwarted, there was nothing left. There was in her gaze cold serenity and supreme indifference. As I compared and contrasted her with her sister Caroline, I sometimes felt that, if she had had the sparkle, the dash, that wonderful *joie de vivre* which is Caroline's distinguishing characteristic, she would be a remarkably handsome woman. Mary Hale told me once that she *did* have that sparkle in a very high degree when she was a very young woman. I recall also that in Tommie's memorabilia book there was a newspaper clipping telling about a big charity bazaar, at which Genevieve was designated by popular vote as the most beautiful woman present.

"And," said Tommie, "almost every one was there, and some of the girls really *campaigned* for votes. Genevieve sat in a box with her mother, and, without lifting a finger, was chosen by a very large plurality over her nearest rival.

The night after Tommie had narrated this story to me, she smuggled into my room a photograph of Paul Thomas, which Caroline kept hidden in her personal keepsakes. He surely was a fine-looking chap, with clear, honest eyes. As I gazed at his protograph I could not help thinking that it would not be hard to recognize him again, if one had once seen him.

I realize that I have been a long time working up to the climax, but the exposition is a very necessary part of a dramatic story.

On Monday there was a club party at Mary Hale's, at which an out-of-town visitor of Mrs. Morrow was the guest of honor. As at many of the affairs I have mentioned, the ladies played cards early in the evening and the men came in later to dine and dance. Genevieve has been a member of this club for many years, and it is the one social function in the month which she regularly attends.

What happened at Mary Hale's forms a very clear picture in my mind, and I shall never forget it. I had just come down from the upper room where we men left our wraps, and had gone into the back parlor. As luck would have it there were only a few people there, for most of the men had either not arrived, or were stopping for a cigarette and a chat in the room upstairs, and practically all of the ladies were gthered around a table in the parlor where two or three tellers were casting up the points to determine who had won the prizes. Three or four men were grouped about the door opening from the parlor into the hallway. Genevieve was in front of the fireplace in the back parlor talking to Mrs. Hale and Tommie Dawson, and Miss Billie Riddick and a New York chap whose name I cannot now recall were standing in the middle of the room. I had just greeted Mrs. Hale and turned to speak to Genevieve when I heard an exclamation from Dr. Dill, who was one of the group standing in the hallway by the parlor door.

The doctor has a clear, high voice which carries over any ordinary hubbub, and I heard what he said very distinctly.

"Well, by all that is holy, if it isn't Paul Thomas!"

This was followed by sounds of noisy greeting from the other men, and exclamations from some of the ladies in the front parlor. I turned quickly, and saw towering above the heads of the men about him a stalwart form attired in the uniform of the U. S. A. One glance at his face showed me that it was indeed the original of the protograph Tommie had shown me. Then I thought of Genevieve. She had been standing facing the door, and must have seen him almost before anyone else. Never have I seen such a transformation. Her face, which but a moment before had looked at me with a serene smile, was now pale and drawn, and she was shaking all over. In a flash it came to me what it would mean to her to have to meet this man under the battery of a hundred curious eyes. I looked at Tommie inquiringly. She—or, rare girl that she is—caught my meaning instantly and nodded. In the fraction of a second that it had taken all this to happen, Mary Hale had stepped close to Genevieve and had taken her arm, and with the same motion seemed to screen her from the gaze of those in the front parlor. These ladies, however, were so startled by the apparition of Paul Thomas that for the moment at least they forgot everything else. Unresistingly, and as if in a dream, Genevieve let Mrs. Hale and me pilot her out into the back hall. There our hostess quickly opened a closet door, motioning me to move on into the dining room. In a a second she had overtaken us, bringing her fur coat, which she placed affectionately about Genevieve's shoulders, at the same time giving her a kiss.

"Capt. Carr will be glad to see you home, dear!" she said. "You can go out the back door. I will wait here while you get your coat and hat," she added, turning to me.

Now I knew that every second spent under that roof would be an eternity of torture to Genevieve Rhodes, and I felt that it would be far easier for me to stand the little discomfort of the out-of-doors.

"It isn't cold," I said, "and we have not far to go."

Mrs. Hale protested, but I would not listen. As for Genevieve, I don't believe she heard a word we were saying. Except for her trembling, she seemed perfectly numb.

So I led her out of the back door on to a porch, and thence through the alley-gate to a side street. After the warm house, it was cold, and I shivered in spite of myself, but I was so glad that we had succeeded in escaping without observation that I minded the chill but little. It was only when we were actually in the hallway of her house that the poor girl noticed that I was bareheaded and without a topcoat.

"You poor Davy," she said, "you should not have done it! Come in by the fire at once."

As it somehow seemed to do her good to take some thought for me, I made no protest but followed unresistingly into the back parlor, where the cheerful open fire, a permanent fixture in the Rhodes' household in the winter season, gave me a most cheerful welcome.

There Genevieve fell into the corner of the big davnport as if exhausted, her sudden interest in my welfare having flickered out as quickly as it had flared

up, and left her as numb as she had been when we left Mrs. Hale's house. However, she let me remove the fur coat, and then, as if she were quite oblivious of my presence, she fell into a reverie, looking fixedly into the fire. As for me, I knew not what to do or say. As you well know, I am the very last person in the worldworld to wish to intrude upon a private grief of any other mortal, but somehow in this instance it did not seem right to leave. I don't know exactly why I felt so, but I did. Perhaps I felt that if she had wanted to be alone absolutely she would have sought her own room. The fact that she had not seemed to indicate that perhaps I might better remain.

So I sat quietly beside her, taking her hand, which I held in mine. She made no effort to withdraw it. After a while she began to cry softly, and big tears coursed down her cheeks unrestrained. This was too much for me. So I released her hand, but my arm about her, and drew her head down on my shoulder, where she wept to her heart's content. Now as I write these words of cold description, I marvel, first at my temerity in doing such a thing, and secondly, at her calm acceptance of it, and you, who know Genevieve Rhodes so well, will marvel with me, I know. But it is all true as I relate it, and, strange to say, at the time it happened it seemed absolutely natural.

A After a few minutes of quiet tears, and a few minutes of calm, she straightened up, and said, with her old calm smile:

"You're a real comfort, Davy! I cannot tell you how I appreciate what you and Mary Hale did to-night, I really can't. I shall never forget that you were sympathetic enough to realize what I must feel, and generous enough to do what you thought I should want done, when I myself was too paralyzed to think or act. Sometimes we are inclined to believe that the present generation is going to the dogs, but whenever I get too pessimistic I love to recall the fact that I have seen you under fire more than once, and I have never known you to fail to act as becomes a gentleman."

And Genevieve took my hnd in both of hers, and held it fast. I have never had a compliment which pleased me more than that little speech. I say this without reference to the question as to whether I deserved it or not!

At this juncture there was a noise at the door, the rattling of the knob, and the sound of voices. Genevieve arose as if in a panic, and as I stood by her, looking inquiringly, she put her arm through mine, and clung close to me as if for protection. It is a queer thing how in moments of real emotional stress we slough off the purely conventional forms. So interested was I in Genevieve's troubles that I quite overlooked anything else, and was brought to my usual senses by the startled glances of both Caroline and Don, who now entered the parlor. Caroline's eyes when they fell upon us standing there had a look of real fright—I can think now of no other word which so aptly characterizes it, and Don't expression was not far behind. After exchanging a puzzled look with one another, Don said:

"I have had a talk with Paul, and what he says convinces me that you have done him an injustice and owe him at the least a hearing. I say that with a full recollection of what you said in my presence the last time I heard you mention his name."

There was a moment's silence. Genevieve's look was unfathomable. Finally she said, and as she spoke she seemed to draw closer to me:

"Tell us quickly what he said. If Davy thinks I ought to see him, I will."

Afain Don and Caroline exchanged glances of some bewilderment. But Don is a cool one, and in a moment he was his usual calm self.

"Surely!" he said. "To be brief, after Paul went away, angry, he sent you messsages through his friend, Oliver Drew. From you directly he never received any answer, but he did hear indirectly through Drew, and the message was most unfavorable. He sent another message through the same source, and the answer was still more unfavorable. Then he heard nothing more for some time, and then came a letter from Drew intimating that he (Drew) was very hopeful of bringing his own suit to a successful conclusion. Paul himself has been absent from the country since the summer of 1917, with the exception of a few weeks in 1919, and has never heard your name called until to-day. He convinced me of the truth of all these things, and I feel he can convince you. Since this version of the story did not seem to tally with the one which evidently sticks in your mind, I ventured to ask you to hear him. I hope Davy agrees with me."

"I certainly do—and most heartily," I said.

Genevieve looked from one to the other of us. Finally she said:

"All right, if Davy thinks it the proper thing to do, I agree."

"I am glad," said Don simply. "We shall go back to the Hales, and send Paul over."

So I asked them to wait while I ran up to my room to get a cap, and we all three set out together, with Don carrying Mary Hale's fur coat. Caroline clung to Don's arm and said not a word during our short trip. When we reached the Hale's we slipped in the back way, and Caroline and I mingled with the dencers, leaving to Don the delicate task of telling Paul Thomas that his mission had been successful, and getting him out of the house unobtrusively. This, with Mary Hale efficient aid, he managed to do, for Paul had bee ngone some time before anyone noticed his absence.

I was conscious during the rest of the evening that Caroline was irritable, and that she seemed trying to "start something." During the moment's interval between a dance and its encore sher said, as if she wished to provoke an argument:

"I fear, Davy Carr, that yo uare in the way of being badly spoiled."

I smiled serenely.

"Certainly *not* by Miss Caroline Rhodes," I countered.

"No, I was like all the rest of them for a while, but I stopped in time."

"What has suggested these remarks?" I asked, still smiling.

"Genevieve! She's the last person in the world of whom one would expect it, but she is just like all the rest, evidently. I am disappointed in her! Indeed, I am! I thought she had saner judgment."

"And now you're sure she has not?"

"Quite sure! There's only one person in the world who is more spoiled than you, and that's your friend, Bob Fletcher. It's a positive crime the way the girls spoil him!"

There's one for your account, my friend!

"Well, you had no hand in spoiling him, and surely no one can accuse you of any share in the impairment of my disposition, or character, or whatever it is that suffers from spoiling. From your superior heights,

then, you can well afford to look down in a spirit of charity and forbearance upon those weaker and more susceptible than you."

This in my best manner—imperturbably.

But Caroline only turned up her pretty little nose in the most ladylike manner possible, and moved away abruptly. What has gotten into the girl lately, I really can't fathom. She is a regular little vixen on occasion, and seems to take special delight in baiting me. Nor am I able to please her in any wise.

Just before "Home-sweet-home" Mary Hale sought me out to say that Genevieve had telephoned that she wanted me to ssk Tommie Dawson and Don to come over for a few minutes after the dance was over. They did not have to be asked twice, I assure you, for both were wild to know what had happened.

No *words* of Genevieve's were needed to make us aware that she and her longlost lover had been reconciled. Never before have I witnessed such a transformation. Happiness to the point of exaltation is surely a stimulant, and it would be difficult to realize that the radiant woman before us was the sober, serious, unbending Genevieve whom I had known for the past few months. Nothing can show more clearly how great a change had taken place in her than the fact that she had sent for us that she might tell us the result of the interview. I suppose she felt she had to tell someone. The story was simple enough. The message she had confided to Oliver Drew—as Paul's best friend—Paul never received, and the messages Paul sent to her through the same channel she never received. It may seen incredible to some, and a curious coincidence to others, that *both* confided in Drew, instead of writing directly, but I suppose that can be explained by the tendency of two proud, high-spirited people who have quarreled to avoid direct communication with each other, and to send messages indirectly through an intermediary. At any rate, they *did* so act, with the sad result we have noted. When Genevieve had finished her story, she cried for sheer happiness and relief, and Caroline and Tommie cried, too. Then, in that perfect manner peculiar to Genevieve, and in the happy phrase characteristic of the Rhodeses, she thanked us all for our interest and sympathy, and for what we had done, or tried to do, in her behalf. She kissed the girls, and gave her hand to Don and to me.

"As for Davy," she said, "I have a dreadful desire to embrace him for what he did to-night. I am sure Paul would not mind, if he knew all the circumstances."

At this moment as I write I cannot recall my answer, but it was, naturally, something more or less jocular. I was embarrassed beyond all reason, for I was most conscious of a smile of sarcasm on Caroline's face.

"Well," said that saucy young person, "before this meeting degenerates into a kind of sentimental debauch, I think I shall withdraw. Excuse the expression, Genevieve dear, but really, Davy is quite insufferable now, and I don't believe I could stand seeing him much worse. I didn't mean to rebuke you, but I don't believe you realize just how bad he is."

Don looked from Caroline to me, and from me to Caroline with a puzzled air, and then burst into a perfect gale of laughter. Genevieve, who was too happy t obe over-sensitive, laughed, too.

"Do you know," said the latter suddenly, "I have just discovered I am dying of hunger. I have had nothing to eat or drink since my early dinner, and it must be one o'clock. Who wants a cup of cocoa?"

Her new-found happiness was so evident and so unaffected that, though none of us was in need of cocoa, or anything else to eat or drink, after having partaken of the very generous cheer offered by Mary Hale, we all fell in with her suggestion eagerly, and trooped down to the dining-room. While we were sipping our cocoa, Don was taken, rather suddenly, with a fit of laughing. Genevieve, Tommie and I were mystified completely, but, for some strange reason, Caroline seemed to understand him.

"I don't know whether it is the water we drink, or something in the air, which seems to be turning everyone silly," she said, rather tartly, I thought.

But Don only laughed the more, and our party broke up whe nhe arose to go, with his merriment in no wise abated. It was a very jolly ending to a most exciting evening.

4 P. M.

As I write these closing lines, from the parlor two floors below I hear a rich, beautiful voice singing love songs. It is Genevieve entertaining her lover. I, for one, had no notion she had a singing voice at all.

I have met Paul Thomas, and he is an unusually attractive man. It is not difficult to see how a woman might lose her head over him. He spent part of an evening in my room, and we fought the war all over again. He was in long before we were, and was one of the last to leave France, since he was with the regulars. Realizing, of course, that no record, however fine, can make an American of *known* colored ancestry welcome in the Engineer Corps of the U. S. A., he has forestalled the inevitable unpleasantness by resigning his commission. This he did two days after the meeting which resulted in a reconciliation betwee nthe lovers.

As for Genevieve, she is radiant. That is indeed the only word which describes her. I can think of nothing more beautiful than the sight of the supreme happiness of a fellow mortal. I have seen nothing more charming, or more moving, in my life. Since the Baltimore incident of ill-starred memory, Genevieve has always treated me with consideration, but since last Monday her manner has an added element of friendliness—indeed, I might even say affection. I feel sure that I have *one* loyal friend in this house. Thus richly, sometimes, are our very mediocre deeds rewarded!

But if I don't stop writing, I shall have to send this letter to you in two sections.

I wish you could be at Lillian Barton's to-night, to hear me annihilate, with my best irony and sarcasm, my good friends, Mrs. Morrow and Reese! No romance in modern life, indeed!

Pullman Soothing Salve

(*Continued from page* 13)

darkness of ignorance the Pullman districts in Chicago offer us a few Negroes whose ambition in life is to be known as Mr. Hungerford Quartette and Mr. Carry's Octette. And so at these entertainments you can always depend on the little ducklings running up the aisle of the Y. M. C. A. auditorium to show their vocal ability.

"Don't let nobody turn you around, just keep your eyes right on to Calvary," they'll sing. "What a friend we have in Jesus," some one else will shout, and the psychology of the Negro as a dreamer and not a thinker serves well its purpose. While this performance goes on, he dreams about a living wage, as he is told to keep his eyes "on Calvary," and the money he should earn for his hard labor and increased efficiency vanishes in the darkness behind when he is told "not to turn around."

(*Continued on page* 30)

An Open Letter

(*Continued from page* 10)

ought to be too commonplace to you, Mr. Carry, to need restatement. There are Negro doctors of philosophy from the great universities of America and Europe.

You also marveled at Frederick Douglass, a Negro, being able to lecture to a white audience in Europe. Why, Mr. Carry, for your information, there are Negro graduates from Oxford University in England. England's recognized greatest musical composer, Coleridge Taylor, is a Negro.

As to educational achievement, the general system of industrial education, as established by Booker T. Washington, was copied and adopted by Denmark and other European countries, and the leading white American industrial and agricultural colleges, such as Cornell University.

You cited as an evidence of your personal generosity the story of a porter, and largely undeserving, since you rated him as a crap shooter, coming to you and borrowing $35.00 to help him put his wife in a hospital who was about to give birth to a little porter. And you felt joyful over an alleged great advance the Negro was making because this porter was able to get his wife in a hospital to be waited on by white doctors and nurses.

In the first place, Mr. Carry, this was an unhappy illustration; for it would seem to imply that the child of a porter must necessarily become a porter. Which, of course, and needless to say, is not true. Second, you seem to suggest that the Negro necessarily has an inferiority complex which should cause him to feel flattered and highly honored when waited on by a white person. Whereas, it is not the case with intelligent Negroes and should not be the case. In New York, may I say, that Negro patients enter practically all of the big hospitals. Besides, according to you, there is no color line, and hence, Negroes ought to be able to get into any hospital anybody else gets into. But, apparently, you yourself realize that there is a *color line*.

Moreover, Mr. Carry, if you had been paying that porter you befriended a living wage, he would not have been in need of your charity. Do you know, Mr. Carry, that there are porters who pay twice as much rent a month as you pay them wages? Where do they get the money from? Not from tips, Mr. Carry. The difference is made up by the labor and industry of their wives, who are hairdressers, seamstresses, school teachers or domestic workers. Then porters are compelled to convert their homes into hotels in order to make ends meet. Would you want to be compelled to rent almost all of the rooms of your home out in order to be able to pay your rent? There can be no true home life when one is forced to fill his house full of strangers for gain. It is morally unwholesome for children.

Would you be willing to give your labor to a corporation for nothing, Mr. Carry?

Well, a Pullman porter leaving New York for Washington at 12:30 midnight reports for duty at 7:30 p. m., and works five hours for absolutely nothing, since his time does not begin until the train departs. Is not that a gross imposition upon a group of men? Don't you think that it is right for every man to receive a reward for every hour of his labor of which some one is the beneficiary? Doesn't the Pullman Company benefit from the labor of the porter during preparatory time? It is obvious that a car could not leave the station or receive passengers without being made up. Isn't he entitled to compensation for this service?

May I ask, Mr. Carry, whether you believe in the principle of equal opportunity, even-handed justice, regardless of race, color or class of workers in the Pullman service? If so, do you think the porters get it under your Employee Representation Plan when your district management acts as prosecutor, jury and judge on a porter who has been recommended that discharge by the very same district management? I cannot believe, Mr. Carry, that a man in your high rank in the business world would knowingly countenance such an unethical, un-American and inconceivably unreasonable policy. Yet it is a fact.

May I inquire, Mr. Carry, whether the policy of putting untrained, inexperienced Filipinos on the club cars in flagrant violation of your agreement with the porters which recognized the right of seniority, has your sanction and approval? Do you think that a corporation can reasonably expect responsible service from its workers when it does not live up to its agreement with its workers? Would you think it just for the Company to give an incompetent Filipino, who has never worked a day for the Company, preference over a Negro Pullman porter who has given probably 30 of the best years of his life to the Company? Would you think it fair if some unknown, incompetent person were to be brought into the Company and given preference over you who have seen long years of service in the corporation?

It seems to me, also, Mr. Carry, that you went out of your way to state that the Negroes were not the equal of the whites, or, in other words, that they are inferior. I shan't comment on this further than to state that no first-rate scientist claims this. Is that why you won't permit them to rise above a porter?

Concering the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association, you made the strong statement that the claim that the Pullman Company controls the P. P. B. A., is a lie.

Now, I dont think that statement will bear examination. For, certainly, as one of America's leading captains of industry, you will admit that he who controls the money of any organiaztion, controls the organization. Is it not a fact, Mr. Carry, that the Negro treasurer, Mr. Duncan, of the P. P. B. A., can't draw $100.00 out of the treasury without the O. K. of Mr. Cummins, the treasurer of the Pullman Company? Is it not also a fact that the Board of Directors of the P. P. B. A. is the controlling body of the organization? And is it not also a fact that the members of the Board of Directors are not porters, but officials of the Company, on the payroll of the Company, and hence, responsible to the Pullman Company and not the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association? Is not the control well established by the convention of the P. P. B. A. being held in the Pullman building?

You say that the Pullman Company merely advises the P. P. B. A. as to investments, that it is common for insurance companies to seek such advice from banks. Quite true. But here banks have no power to countersign the checks of the said insurance companies to prevent a dollar from being spent without the O. K. of the bank. Besides, why should the Pullman Company be so interested in giving the P. P. B. A. advice as to how it should spend its money?

As a man of broad responsibilities and vision, Mr. Carry, it is your duty to prevent your subordinates from attempting to intimidate the porters into voting for the Employee Representation Plan. Your conductors have their own union. Why shouldn't the porters have theirs? The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is not the enemy of the Pullman Company, but its friend. It is not seeking to injure it, but to help it. It will save the enormous cost of heavy turnovers and secure a high type of porter who will improve the service and increase the income. May I say, Mr. Carry, that the timid porters who are advising you don't represent the true spirit of the rank and file of porters. The men are determined to have a union of their own, and I am sure that you will not permit any of your subordinates to attempt to hinder them from doing what the United States Government sanctions and every enlightened employer recognizes just as you have your Sleeping Car Conductors' Union.

Respectfully,
A. PHILIP RANDOLPH.

THE RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE
7 E. 15th Street. Stuyvesant: 3094.
Courses in History, Sociology, Socialism, Trade Unionism, Economics, Physiology, Psychology, English, Literature, etc. New semester beginning in January. *Write for booklet A.*

Pullman Soothing Salve

(*Continued from page* 28)

Among the delegates there is fear and silence. Something terrible would happen if they show spirit of manhood. A resolution to endorse the Dyer Anti-lynching bill was turned down, but when President Carry insulted the race, and referred to the unborn child of a porter as the little porter the delegates cheered. Occasionally one will speak when called upon. "My district is one hundred per cent Pullman Company, and one hundred per cent Perry Parker," says one delegate. Another managed to report his district one hundred and fifteen per cent!

The inexcusable ignorance of voting for delegates who are lickspittles and who possess the minds of an abortion is indescribable. Yet year after year such men as Boggs of Chicago, Hill of Cincinnati, Estell of Omaha, and others too numerous to mention appear at these conventions to participate into economic and other relations of Pullman Porters without an ounce of intelligence and can hardly read much farther than their own names.

Then there are such men like Bannister of Philadelphia who at the last wage conference deliberately voted against his race, and defended his action by saying, "What do I care about these Niggers, I am making my living out of the white man." Philadelphia porters vote for Bannister just the same, evidently at the command of the local Pullman officials.

It has been said that the activities of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is to destroy the Pullman Porters Benefit Association of America. This is not true. It is conceded to be a fact that the insurance phase of that organization is sound, and should be adhered to. But if it is a Pullman porters organization then Pullman porters should control its funds, and Pullman porters should be the members of its Executive Board. The argument hitherto advanced that Negroes cannot be trusted, loses its value when we are told otherwise that the Comptroller and Grand Secretary are under bonds.

If Pullman porters control the Pullman Porters Benefit Association of America why is it necessary that the locals be required to send their resolutions to the grand body six weeks before the date of the convention. During that period is it not quite convenient for those resolutions to be passed upon by Mr. Greenlaw, the legal brain of the Pullman Company? And can anyone explain that since Mr. Greenlaw is only an unpaid legal adviser of the organization, how is he so able to dictate its future policy in the executive session of the convention? To be plainer, where does he get the authority to state then or at any other time what the porters can or cannot do with their own money?

But these points are not to the concern of the delegates. When these conferences are called, it is safe to say that the men elected to represent the porter-body constitute a majority of self-seeking job hunters, who imagine that by doing the bidding of Perry Parker they are in a secure position to gain favor with the Pullman Company. A few banquets, a pat on the back, and a few fat promises is all that is necessary to put over the management's programme. "God be with you 'till we meet again," is the closing hymn, and the delegates are sent back to their respective districts to face the queries of their fellow workers who never learn the *Truth* and never will.

As a remedy, may I suggest that porters bear in mind who represented them at their last Pullman Porters Benefit Association convention. The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters has members with stamina, manhood and intelligence enough to stand up for a principle. When called upon to vote choose the same grape-vine route to send a union man from your district to represent you.

Out in the Night

By EULALIA OSBY PROCTOR

Out in the night we wandered, together—
Hand in hand. You surely remember
Slipping away from the city's glare—
And stopping, unseen, in the shadows, where
You kissed me!

The shadows were kind and veiled us in
From the curious gaze and scoff of men;
Yet, little I cared, as you held me fast,
Trembling, close, in your impassioned clasp—
And kissed me!

The roses that nestled against my breast—
(Steeped in the crimson of robin's crest)
Were crushed and scorched in the passion's blaze;
As we marked the parting of our ways
By kissing!

You kissed me again—and my heart grew strong!
Each heart beat measured a lover's song!
I trembled lest Death should come to me, then,
And call me away from you, Man of Men—
And your kisses!

To be with you—where the shadows lie—
Out in the night—'neath a starlit sky!
Sleep comes . . . I dream . . . Behold, you return!
And, cool, on my parched lips thrill and burn
Your kisses!

Editorials

(*Continued from page* 17)

opens a new chapter in the history of the Far East. From general discussion, a new conference or disarmament, is in the offing. Obviously, the world is sick of war. But economic imperialism and nationalistic rivalries lie athwart the path to peace. And the present rulers of the world powers seem utterly helpless amidst it all.

Frank P. Walsh versus Perry D. Howard

One is white, the other colored. One is of the race of the owners of the Pullman Company, the other is of the race of the Pullman porters. Both are lawyers. Mr. Walsh is in private practice. Mr.

Shafts and Darts

(*Continued from page* 9)

papers by Negro undertakers and physicians. With Foreword by the President of the Eveready Casket Co. Published by U. Krokem and I. Plantum.

ECCENTRIC DIVING: A new Swimming Manual with Special Instructions for Under-Water Breathing. By Leonard Kip Rhinelander. With Commendatory letters by prominent Parisians and New Yorkers. Published by Kotex, Inc.

NOT ALMS, BUT OPPORTUNITY: An ironical and humorous narrative. By Eugene Knickle Jones. Published by Wheedle and Begg.

MOPS AND PAILS: or From Jamaica to Jail. An Autobiography. By Marcus Garvey. Foreword by U. S. Judge Mack. Published by Ball and Chane.

"DOING" THE RACE GOOD. A collection of short stories. By Perry Howard and P. L. P'Rattis. Published by The Benedict Arnold Pub. Co.

JUDAS: THE MAN AND HIS WORK: Showing the modern applications of his guiding principles. By Prof. Dr. Melvin Chisum, M.F.C. (Master of Fooling Crackers.) Published by the Traitor Pub. Co.

SELLING MURDER AND CRIME: Essays on Shady Journalism by Fifty Leading Negro Editors. Foreword by William Randolph Hearst. Published by Razor and Gunn, Ltd.

LEADING WITHOUT FOLLOWERS: Humorous narratives by Sundry Negro Politicians. Introduction by C. E. Mitchell. Published by Job Hunter and

Howard is Assistant to the U. S. Attorney General. It would be perfectly legitimate and regular for Mr. Walsh to represent a private corporation in any case. Not so with Mr. Howard, a Government employee. But how have they lined up toward the movement to organize the Pullman porters?

Mr. Walsh, a white man, a great lawyer, with a social vision, has offered to give his services to the porters in their struggle for a living wage; while Mr. Howard, a Negro, sells himself to the Pullman Company in order to prevent 12,000 members of his own oppressed race from getting a living wage out of the product of their toil. What a contrast! As a servant of the Government, Mr. Howard's conduct is decidedly unethical If he were a white man, opposing white workers it, would not be tolerated for one minute, without causing a storm of protest throughout the country. Objection is even raised to a cabinet officer who has resigned, representing a client in a case involving the Government, which came under his scrutiny during his incumbency in office.

It is interesting to note that the type of cases to which Mr. Howard is assigned, relate to railroads, the class of his clients, the Pullman Company. Still little is said. President Coolidge is silent and cool on the matter. Mr. Sargent, U. S. Attorney, is evasive. But his silence and indifference must yield to an aroused and enlightened public opinion.

Of course, to the student of social forces, this is not strange, though regrettable. It does not follow that because one is a Negro, he can always be relied upon to protect the interests of his race. Nor are Negroes the only people who betray each other, although they can least afford traitors in their group. So long as hundreds of millions are spent for traitors, spies, stool pigeons, confidence, and inside men, and gunmen, we will have them, of all races, colors and nationalities. They are the vulgar, parasitic flotsam are of the present industrial order. It is a part of the tragic and needless waste graphically portrayed by Stuart Chase in his Tragedy of Waste, which burdens society. But with the widespread dissemination of social information, the Perry W. Howard breed of humanity will pass from the stage of action, and the Frank P. Walsh type will be the order of the day.

Of course, our immediate program is that Brother Howard either get out of the Government or the Pullman Company.

The Neglected Truth

(*Continued from page 6*)

play the game of Southern cracker graft? This: Harry Pace had been with the Standard Life. He and Perry got into a fight, which resulted in Pace's leaving and Perry's staying. (We don't propose to pass upon the merits of the contest.) Now Pace had married Bibb's sister, a splendid woman against whom nothing should be held, even though she is Bibb's sister. Bibb took this personal sentiment as an excuse for injuring and detroying an institution which was a racial asset and which any high-minded man would have considered in the light of racial statesmanship and social vision.

A Similar Case

It is an old saying that *what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.* Let us take two parallel cases. The inspiration and the moving spirit of the Standard Life was Heyman Perry. He was the organizer of the Standard Life and had sold a great deal of stock to colored people. The inspiration and organizer of the Black Swan Record Co. was Harry Pace, Bibb's brother-in-law. He had sold considerable stock in the Black Swan Record Co. to colored people. Among the Standard Life's difficulties must be listed the competition of big white companies like the Metropolitan, New York Life, and various local white insurance companies. They could sell a better policy at a cheaper rate. The Black Swan Record Co. met similar difficulties in trying to compete with the Victor, Columbia, and the Edison record companies. These companies could sell a better record at a cheaper price, too. Not only that, they were able to employ Pace's singers and artists by paying them higher wages and salaries.

Now both Pace and Perry were driven to the same conclusion. Pressed with obligations and debts Perry sold the Standard Life, a Negro insurance company, to the Southern Life, a white insurance company. Pressed with difficulties and debts Pace sold the Black Swan, a colored record company, to the Paramount, a white record company. Perry claimed that his deal with the Southern Life was a *merger.* Pace, likewise, claimed that his deal with the Paramount was a *merger;* and those who remember will recall that the Paramount carried the name of the Black Swan in its advertising for several weeks after the deal. In each case the lion and the lamb had lain down together, but the lamb was in the lion's belly. Bibb's brother-in-law, Harry Pace, had done the very thing for which he and Bibb had severly criticised Herman Perry. If *The Whip* was so concerned about presenting all important deal transactions and enterprises to its handful of readers—why did it not analyze and present the Black Swan deal?

End of First Installment

The complete story of "The Neglected Truth" has not been finished. Mr. Owen is by no means through. The most searching analysis will be made in the installment to follow in the next issue. The militant MESSENGER *editor lays bare the morganitic relations obtaining between Dan Schuyler, prominent white corporation lawyer, and his "good nigger puppets" on The Whip staff and elsewhere. Startling records which have never before seen the light of day will be exposed to the citizens of Chicago and America. No thinking person can afford to miss this racy, scintillating, pungent article. Owen's satire is withering. It is written in words which burn in letters that blister.*

(THE EDITORS)

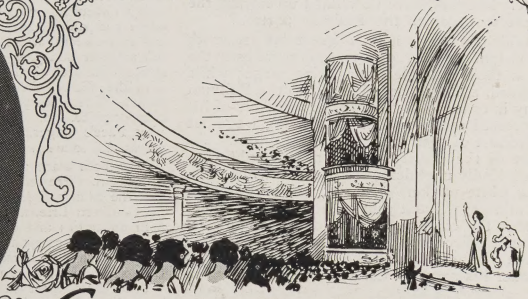
Notes of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters

(*Continued from page 25*)

To Our Friends

A Happy New Year to those who have, without hesitation or equivocation, taken up the cudgel against industrial serfdom in the interest of freedom for the Pullman porters. More power to the Pittsburgh *Courier,* the Washington *Tribune, The New York Age,* the Amsterdam *News,* the *Looking Glass,* the *Pittsburgh American,* the Washington *Daily American,* the Philadelphia *Tribune,* The *Chronicle, Guardian,* The Wichita *Protest,* the *Black Dispatch,* the *Dallas Express,* and many others.

TAKE DR. SIEGERT'S
ANGOSTURA BITTERS
TO MAKE CUT-FRUIT MORE DELICIOUS
Same formula 1824-1924—Recommended by Physicians
At Druggists, Grocers and Delicatessens



A Madam C. J. Walker Booster

GLORIFYING OUR WOMANHOOD

No greater force is working to glorify the womanhood of our Race than Madam C. J. Walker's Wonderful Hair and Skin Preparations. Our eighteen world renowned articles, made and sold by members of our own Race, are daily relieving stubborn scalp diseases, stimulating the growth, increasing the length, softening and thickening short, stubborn, thin, unsightly hair; clearing complexions, smoothing, softening and preserving skin. We tell you, Madam C. J. Walker through her preparations, if for no other reason, remains yet, the greatest benefactress of our race. ¶ Women throughout this and in twenty-nine foreign countries know the merits of Madam C. J. Walker's Preparations and are loud in their praise of them. You too may learn how they can preserve and enchance your beauty, make you admired by men and the envy of women. Visit the nearest Madam C. J. Walker agent today, now. She has a message of hope, cheer, of the way she is glorifying our womanhood and how you too may have long, luxurious hair and a beauty-kissed complexion. Visit her, "There's one near you."

NOTE!

For cleansing the scalp use Madam C. J. Walker's Vegetable Shampoo, for tetter, exzema, dandruff, etc.—Tetter Salve. Thin, short, falling hair,—Wonderful Hair Grower. To soften, gloss, silken the hair,—Glossine. For freckles, pimples, tan, etc.—Tan-Off. To clear, smooth, soften the skin—Face Creams. A youthful complexion—Face Powder and Rouge.

For Sale By
WALKER AGENTS
DRUG STORES & MAIL

The Madam C. J. Walker Mfg. Co. Inc.

640 N West St.~Indianapolis. Ind.